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Mus
564
5

SMITH COLLEGE SONGS

H M A

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SMITH COLLEGE
Songs

Compiled and Edited by the Clef Club Committee for the College Song Book

KATHARINE M. SEWALL '09

HELEN DANA '09 HANNAH K. O'MALLEY '09

CLARA M. KEITH '09 HELEN AYER MARDEN '09

Published by

C.W. THOMPSON & CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

1909

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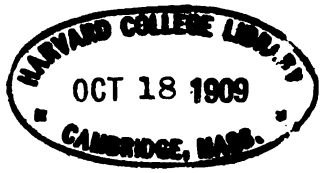

Warren A. Locke,
Cambridge

To

HENRY DIKE SLEEPER

This book is most affectionately dedicated

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FOREWORD

In compiling this book the attempt has been made to make it a book of distinctively Smith College songs. It includes songs which have been favorites of long standing, some of which have been taken from the Smith College Song Book of 1895, through the courtesy of the Oliver Ditson Company, basket-ball and cheer songs which are popular at the present time, songs used by the Glee Club, and an unusually large number of songs in manuscript, written by the students, particularly Alma Mater songs written for the Rally Day prize competition. The difficulty in securing permission to use songs already copyrighted has made it necessary to omit several songs, medleys among others, which would otherwise have appeared in this book.

The committee extends hearty thanks to Mr. Sleeper, the head of the Music Department, for his untiring interest and assistance, to the Glee Club leaders among the alumnae who have given helpful suggestions, and to the various publishing houses that have given permission to use their copyrights.

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IN MEMORY

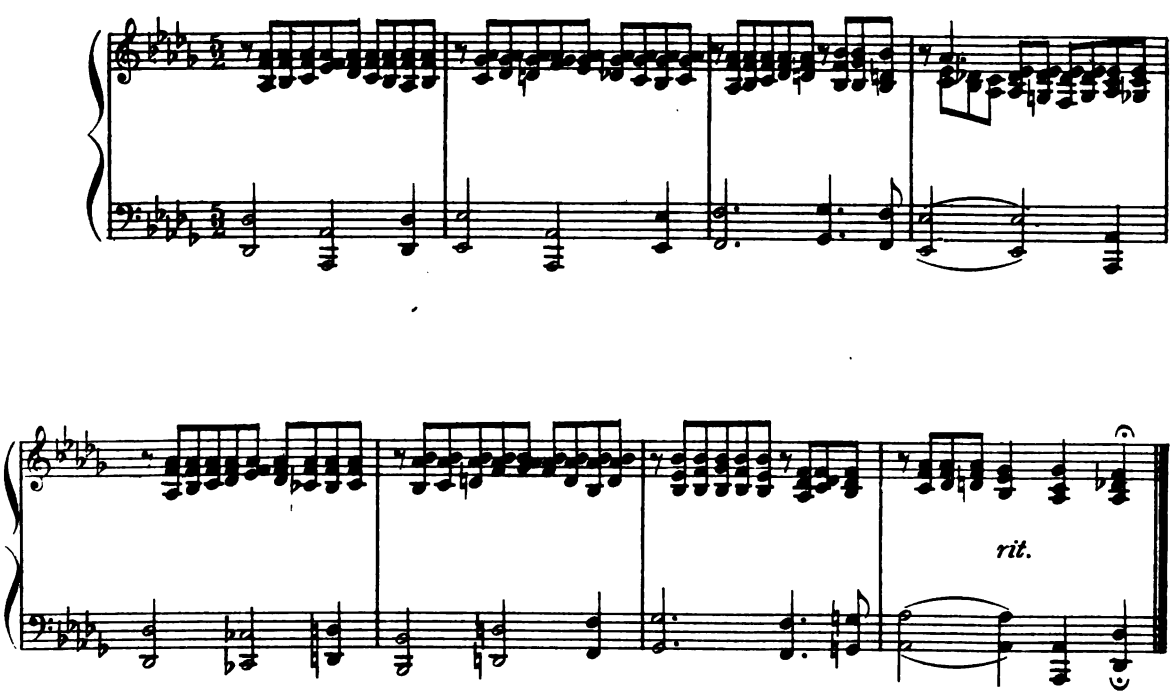
of

HELEN AYER MARDEN

January 22, 1886 April 29, 1909

THEME FROM IVY PROCESSIONAL

HELEN AYER MARDEN '09



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Inscribed to the SMITH COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Oh! Fairest Alma Mater

Words by HENRIETTA SPERRY, 1910 — Music by H. D. SLEEPER

Not too slowly

SOPR. I

To you, Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter, Oh! mother great and
By man - y a hearth your daughters Their love for you shall
You gave us dreams un - numbered, And life we had not

SOPR. II

Not too slowly

ALTO I

To you, Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter, Oh! mother great and
By man - y a hearth your daughters Their love for you shall
You gave us dreams un - numbered, And life we had not

ALTO II

Not too slowly

mf

true, From all your loy - al chil - dren Comes up the song a - new. Where
tell, Un - til in turn their chil - dren Shall learn to love you well. And
known, And now, Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter, We give you back your own. For

mf

true, From all your loy - al chil - dren Comes up the song a - new. Where
tell, Un - til in turn their chil - dren Shall learn to love you well. And
known, And now, Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter, We give you back your own. For

mf

Published also in the key of F for unison singing with piano accompaniment

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Copyright, 1908, by H. D. Sleeper

mp *cresc.*

swings the red sun up-ward, Where sinks he down to rest, Are
still the ranks, re - new - ing And strong - er year by year, Are
mem - o - ries, for friend-ships, That bless each pass - ing day, Our

mp *cresc.*

swings the red sun up-ward, Where sinks he down to rest, Are
still the ranks, re - new - ing And strong - er year by year, Are
mem - o - ries, for friend-ships, That bless each pass - ing day, Our

mp *cresc.*

CHORUS

poco rit. *a little slower*

hearts that back ward turn - ing Still find you first and best. And gladly
one in deep de - vo - tion To you we hold so dear. And gladly
toil un-sought we ren - der, Our debt un-ask'd we pay. And gladly

poco rit. *a little slower*

hearts that back ward turn - ing Still find you first and best. And gladly
one in deep de - vo - tion To you we hold so dear. And gladly
toil un-sought we ren - der, Our debt un-ask'd we pay. And gladly

poco rit. *a little slower*

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cresc. molto

sing - ing to you al - ways, Our loy - al hearts with joy shall fill. Oh! fairest,

cresc. molto

sing - ing to you al - ways, Our loy - al hearts with joy shall fill. Oh! fairest,

cresc. molto

rit.

fair - est Al - ma Ma - ter, You hold and claim us still.

rit.

fair - est Al - ma Ma - ter, You hold and claim us still.

rit.

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C. F. W. Schlimper Music Press, Boston, Mass.

Fair Smith

Words by R. K. CRANDALL, '90 — Music by B. C. BLODGETT

pp

Fair Smith, our praise to thee we ren - der, O dear - est col - lege
Tho' time may prove the pleas-ure fleet - ing, No hour is spent in
And while the hills with pur - ple shad - ows E - ter - nal vig - il

pp

f *p*

halls, Bright hours that live in mem - 'ry ten - der, Are
vain. True hearts be - hold the fu - ture meet - ing; Our
keep, A - bove the hap - py riv - er mead - ows In

f *p*

p *f*

wing'd with - in thy walls. O'er thy walks the elms are bow - ing, Al - ma
friend - ship can - not wane. Of thy care for - get - ful nev - er, Al - ma
gold - en haze a - sleep, May thy chil - dren thee ad - dressing, Al - ma

p *f*

p

Ma - ter, Winds 'mid branch - es soft - ly blow - ing,
Ma - ter, Bound by ties that naught can sev - er,
Ma - ter, Still with grate - ful praise un - ceas - ing,

p

Al - ma Ma - ter.

f *pp*

I - vy 'round thy tow - er growing, Al - ma Ma - ter.
Still to thee re - turn - ing ev - er, Al - ma Ma - ter.
Speak in loy - al hearts thy blessing, Al - ma Ma - ter.

f *pp*

Small notes as obbligato for last verse

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Alma Mater Song

Words by HELEN MAXCY, '07 — Music by MARION NILES, '07

To Smith, renown'd thro'-out her sto-ry, Our love we bring, To her a-bound-ing fame and glo-ry, Come let us sing. Our

Now all the class-es here to-gether, U-ni-ted stand, And thro' the com-ing year will gath-er, Our loy-al band. When

Al-ma Ma-ter grown more dear, With ev-'ry pre-cious pass-ing year, We've gath-ered now to greet her here, Let prais-es ring.

part-ings put us to the test, Then ev-er more 'twill be con-fessed, Our love for her is first and best, Thro'-out the land.

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When The Green Leaves Turn

Words by FLORENCE BATTERSON '08 Music by M. ARABELLA COALE '08

When the green leaves turn And the bon - fires burn, We
When the trees stand black 'Gainst a snow sky track, Oh, we
When the wild birds trill O'er a dai - sied hill, We

come back to you, our col - lege. Oh, there's much to do, And a
sing to you, our col - lege, For we work and play, And we
go forth from you, our col - lege; And we'll greet the world With a

bit to learn, So we sing to you, our col - lege.
feel no lack, As we sing to you, our col - lege.
right good will, For you've taught us how, our col - lege.

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Sing, sing, let voi-ces ring, This is no world of sad ness, This is a world of gladness.
Sing, sing, let voi-ces ring, Ours is no world of sad ness, Ours is a world of gladness.
Sing, sing, let voi-ces ring, Ours is no way of sadness, There's naught in the world but gladness.

ten. ten.

Chorus

Sing, sing, sing, sing, And high her prais - es fling, A

a tempo

song of youth, a song of truth, We sing to you, our col - lege.

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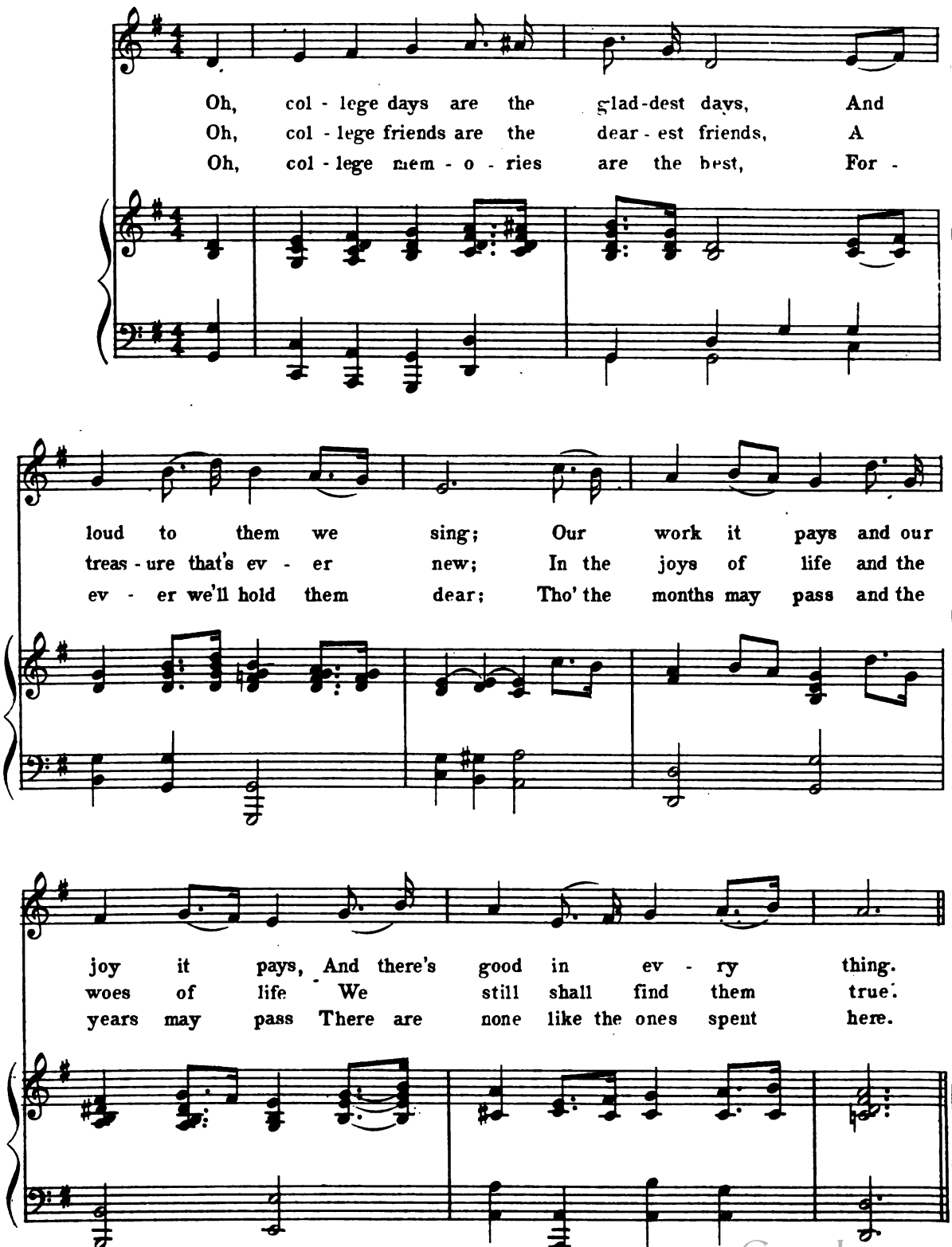
Smith Song

Words by ANNIE J. CRIM,'09 Music by BERTHA E. NILES,'09



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Chorus

Then shout the cho - rus, Let it sound, And

ech - o the whole wide world a - round, To S - M - I - T -

H we sing, To Smith, our Al - ma Ma - ter.

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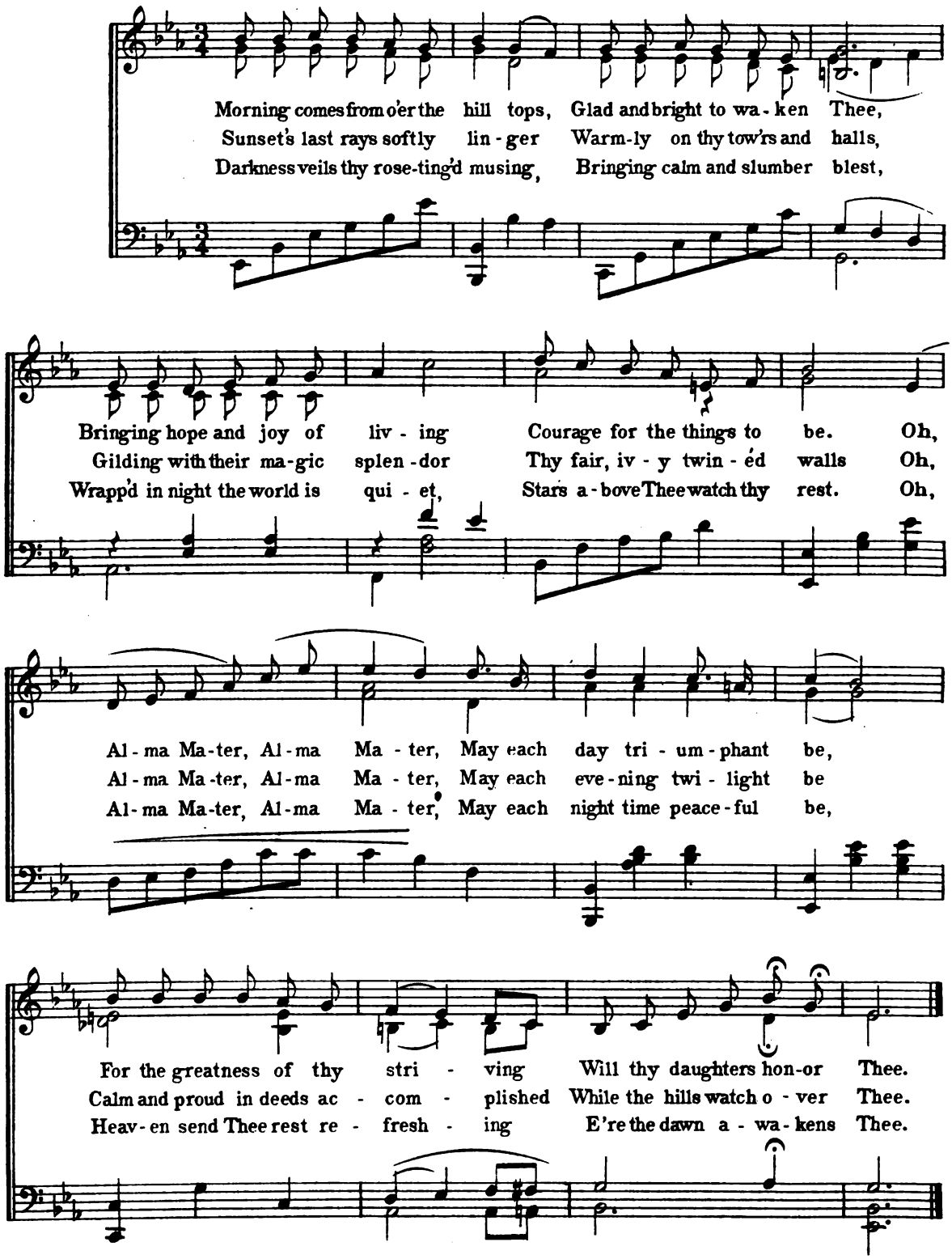
Alma Mater Song

Words by SHEILA FOSTER,'09 Music by KATHARINE M. SEWALL,'09



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1907 Ivy Song

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE,'07 MILDRED MOORE HAIRE,'07

Fair is the earth today, Blossoming over the lea ___
We hear her magical call And we follow the world a - round, Tho' our
Leave we our love behind As the low winds soft - ly croon, In the

And June is calling away, Ah come and stay with me. A - - way to the
hearts are whispering all, Heed not the witching sound. Ah _____ stay
leaves of our i - vy twin'd We would linger, but hark! the tune. A - - way we

world so bright and free. A - - way___ A - way ___ A -
she'll mock us helpless and bound. Ah _____ stay___ Ah stay ___ Ah
fol - low the call of June. A - - way___ A - way ___ A -

way, A - - way___ To the world so bright and free.___
stay, Ah _____ stay _____ She'll mock us helpless and bound. _
way, A - - way _____ We fol - low the call of June.___

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To Smith College

Words by MARION PATTON, '10 — Music by MARION C. GREENHOOD, '10

To ____ Smith Col - lege Fall ____ or Spring - time,

Or in midst of win - ter drear, ____ To our

Col - lege, ____ night or day time, ____ With

skies grey or clear ____ To Smith

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Col - lege, odd or e - ven, A - ny

class or a - ny year, To our

slower *a tempo*

"Fair - est Al - ma Ma - ter" now to -

slower *a tempo*

geth - er give one long cheer.

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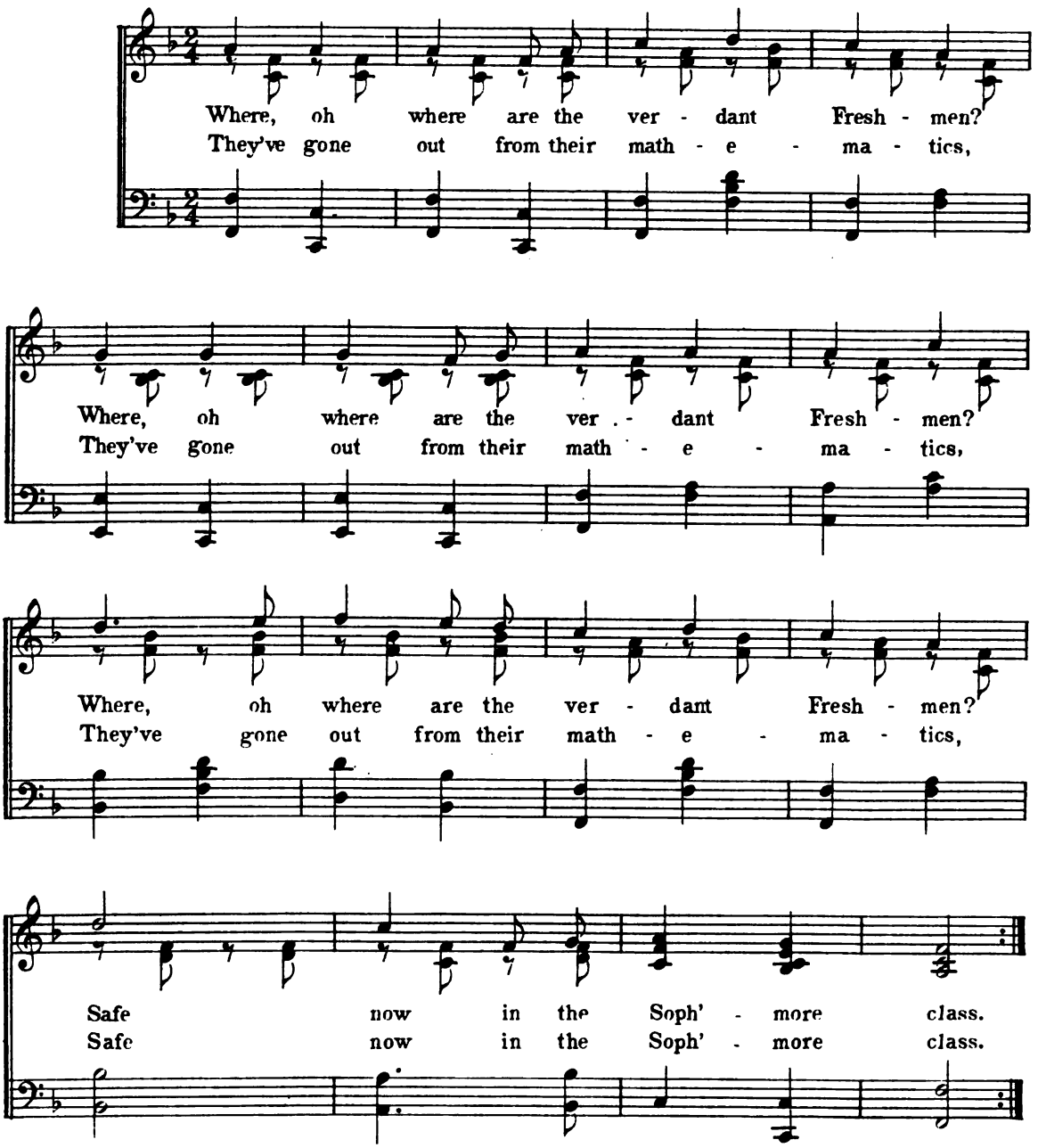
Where, oh Where?



2 ‖: Where, oh where are the gay young Soph'mores?:‖
Safe now in the Junior class.
‖: They've gone out from their Bible papers:‖
Safe now in the Junior class.

3 ‖: Where, oh where are the jolly Juniors?:‖
Safe now in the Senior class.
‖: They've gone out from their Angell's Psychology:‖
Safe now in the Senior class.

4 ‖: Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?:‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
‖: They've gone out from their Alma Mater :‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5 ‖: By and by we ll go out for to meet them, :‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

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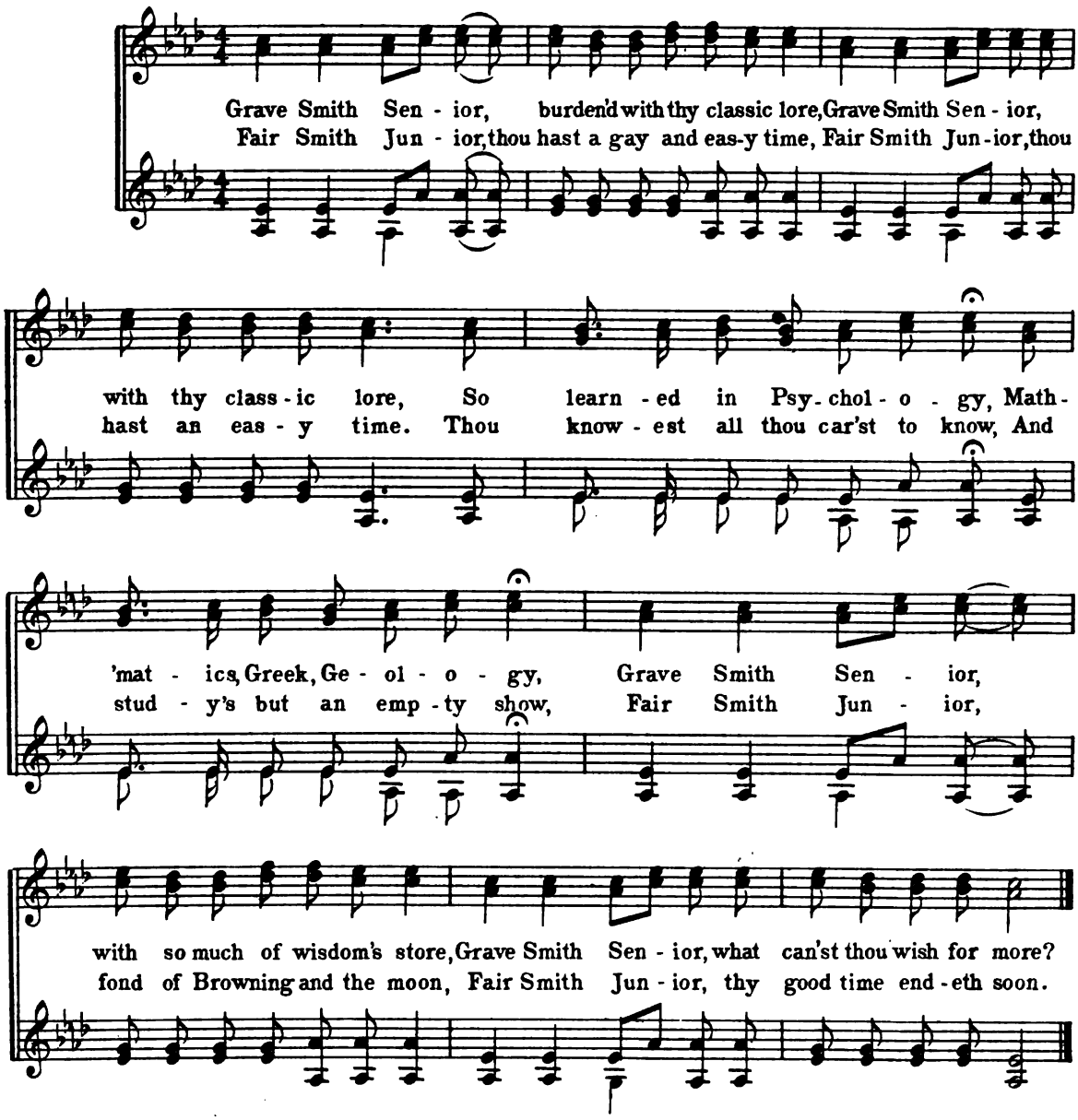
Smith Kodaks

Words by ROBERTA F. WATTERSON, '93



3 Wise Smith Sophomore, with thy proud and haughty glance,
Wise Smith Sophomore, with thy haughty glance,
Thou passest by each Freshman fair,
Thou hold'st thy head high in the air.
Wise Smith Sophomores, take ye heed both one and all!
Wise Smith Sophomores, pride goes before a fall.

4 Verdant Freshman, thou art a babe of tender years,
Verdant Freshman, a babe of tender years;
To Seniors, then, due reverence pay,
And study hard both night and day.
Verdant Freshman, banish all thy tears and sighs,
Verdant Freshman, some day thou wilt be wise!

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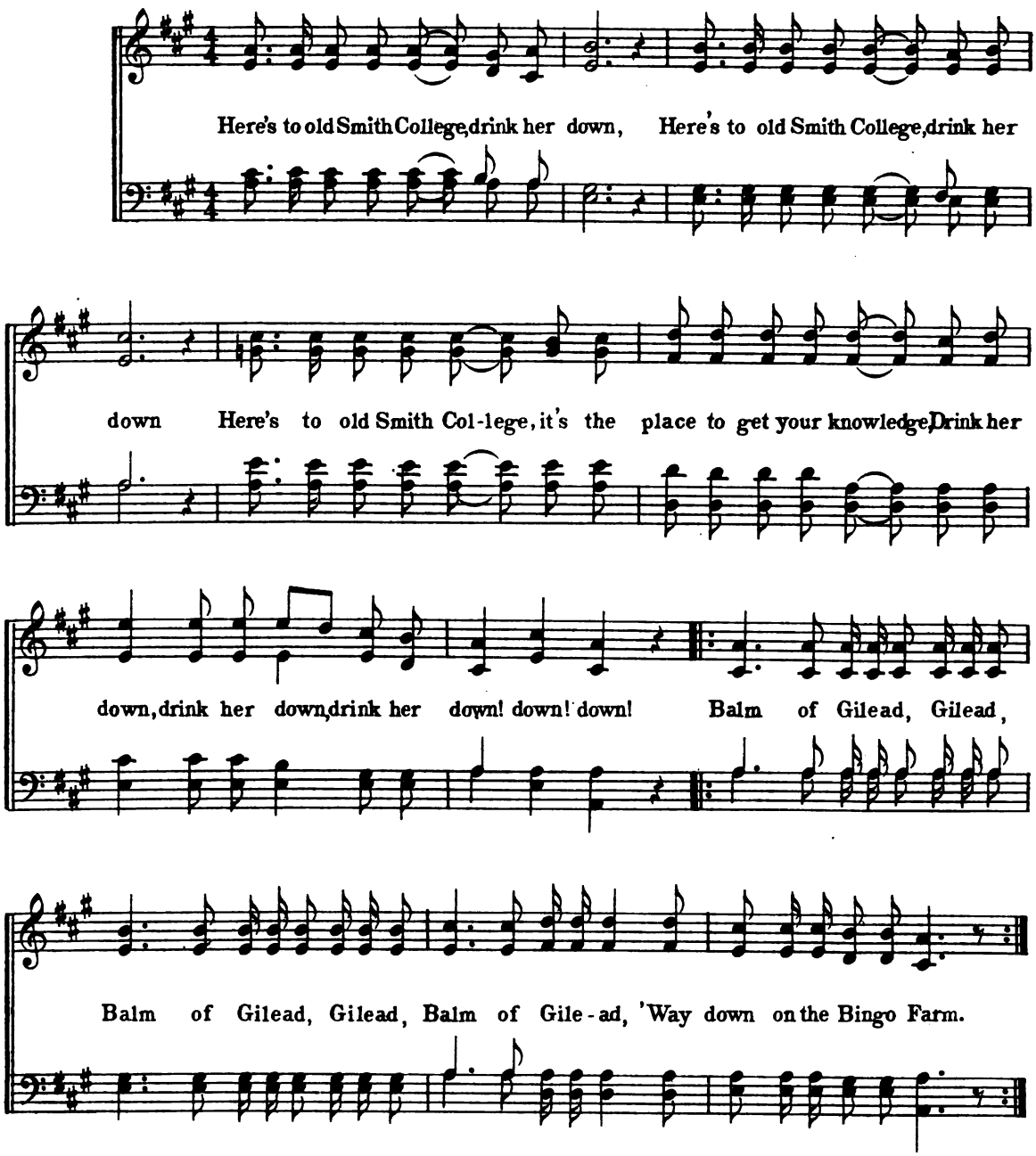
Balm of Gilead



2. Here's to Ninety-one, for she's always full of fun.
3. Here's to Ninety-two, for she's sweet as she is true.
4. Here's to Ninety-three, for she's the only class for me.
5. Here's to Ninety-four, for she's solid to the core.
6. Here's to Ninety-five, she's the finest class alive.
7. Here's to Ninety-six, she's a class of gilt-edged bricks.
8. Here's to Ninety-seven, she will surely go to heaven.
9. Here's to Ninety-eight, in the century very late.
10. Here's to Ninety-nine, she will always live and shine.

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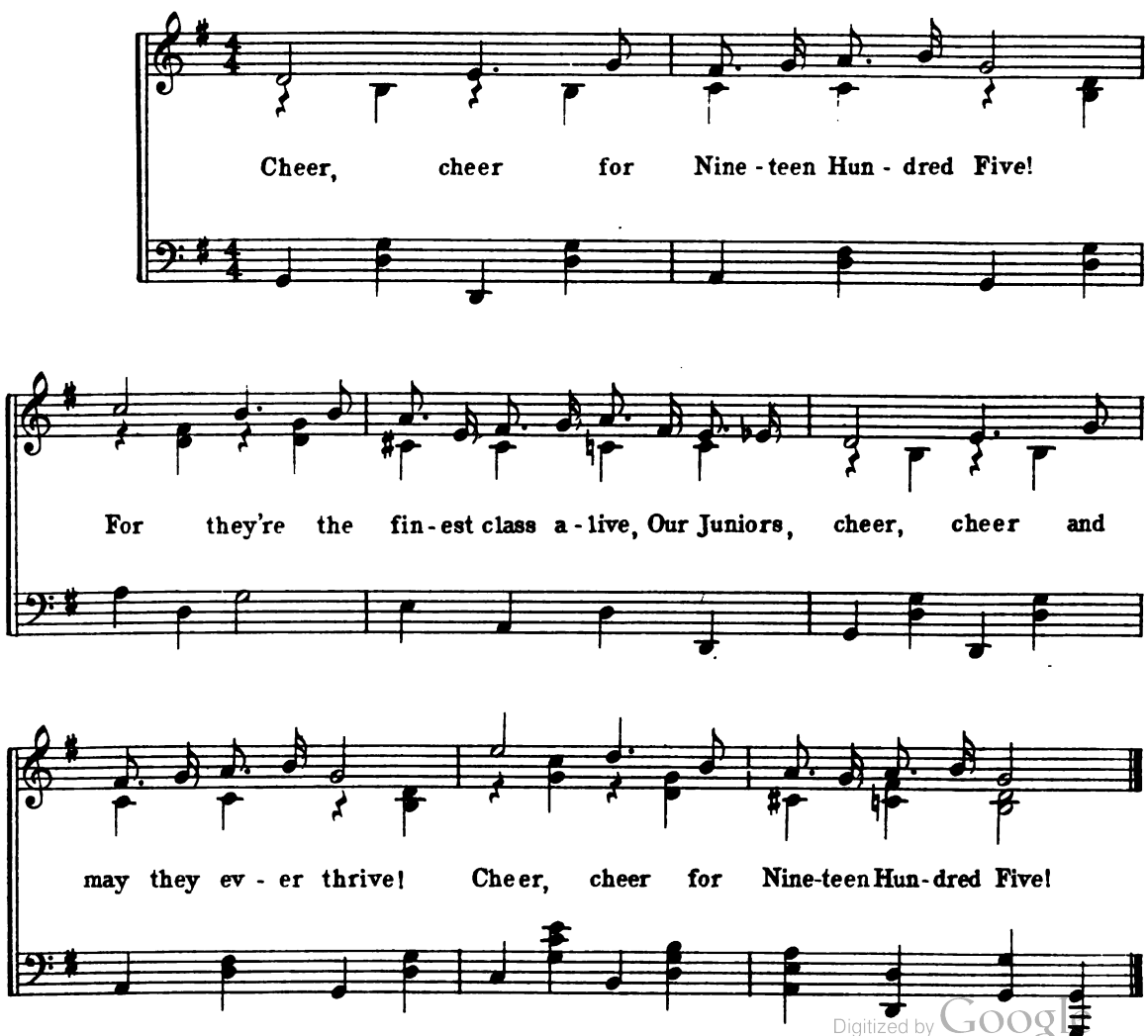
11. Here's to Nineteen Hundred, may her praises long be thundered.
12. Here's to Nineteen One, she's the finest 'neath the sun.
13. Here's to Nineteen Two, she's a good one thro' and thro'.
14. Here's to Nineteen Three, she's as fine as she can be.
15. Here's to Nineteen Four, she's the class that we adore.
16. Here's to Nineteen Five, she's the finest class alive.
17. Here's to Nineteen Six, she's a class of little bricks.
18. Here's to Nineteen Seven, she's the finest under heaven.
19. Here's to Nineteen Eight, she's the greatest of the great.
20. Here's to Nineteen Nine, she's the finest of the fine.
21. Here's to President Seelye, oh we love him very dearly.

Cheer, Cheer for 1905

CORNELL SONG



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Let Melody Flow

We meet a-gain to-night, with mirth and song, Let
Where hand to hand its greet-ing, so kind-ly gives, Let

Let mel-o-dy flow Where ev-er we go.

mel-o-dy flow Where ev-er we go. We
mel-o-dy flow Where ev-er we go. Where

Let mel-o-dy flow Where ev-er we go.

dwell in friend-ship ev-er so true and strong, And
hope is nev-er dy-ing and friend-ship lives, True

sor-row nev-er know. We'll
hearts will ev-er know. We'll

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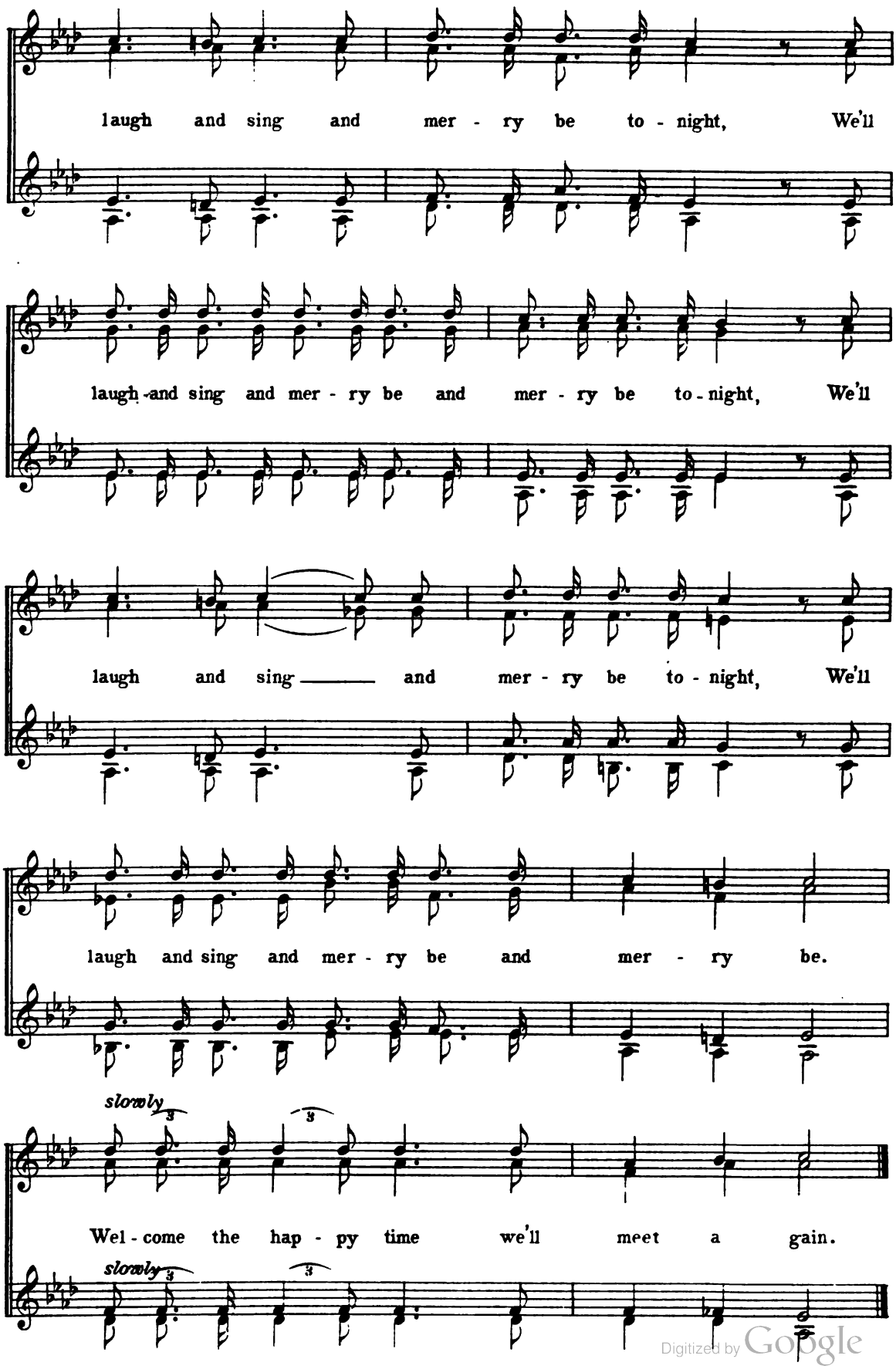

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Sweet and Low

TENNYSON

J. BARNBY

Arr. by HELEN DANA, '09

pp

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea ——— Low, low, breathe and blow, O - ver the roll - ing
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon ——— Rest, rest, on mo - ther's breast, Fa - ther will come to his

sf

p

Wind of the west - ern sea! ——— O - ver the
Fa - ther will come to thee soon; ——— Fa - ther will

mf

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

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wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing moon and blow
babe in the nest Sil - ver sails all out of the west

p

Come from the moon
wa - ters go Sil - ver sails out of } and blow
come to the nest Come from the dy - ing moon } the west
Sil - ver sails all out of

wa - ters go Come from the moon
come to the nest Sil - ver sails out of

p

p

f

p dim. e rall.

Blow him a - gain to me; While my lit - tle one
Un - der the sil - ver moon; Sleep my lit - tle one

f

f

p dim. e rall.

pp

while my pret - ty one sleeps.
sleep, my pret - ty one sleep.

pp

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Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON — OLD ENGLISH SONG

Smoothly

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and
I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not

I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with-
so much hon - 'ring thee, As giv-ing it a

in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; The
hope that there it could not with - ered be: But

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thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe and send'st it back to

vine; But might I of Jove's
me; Since when it grows, and

nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.

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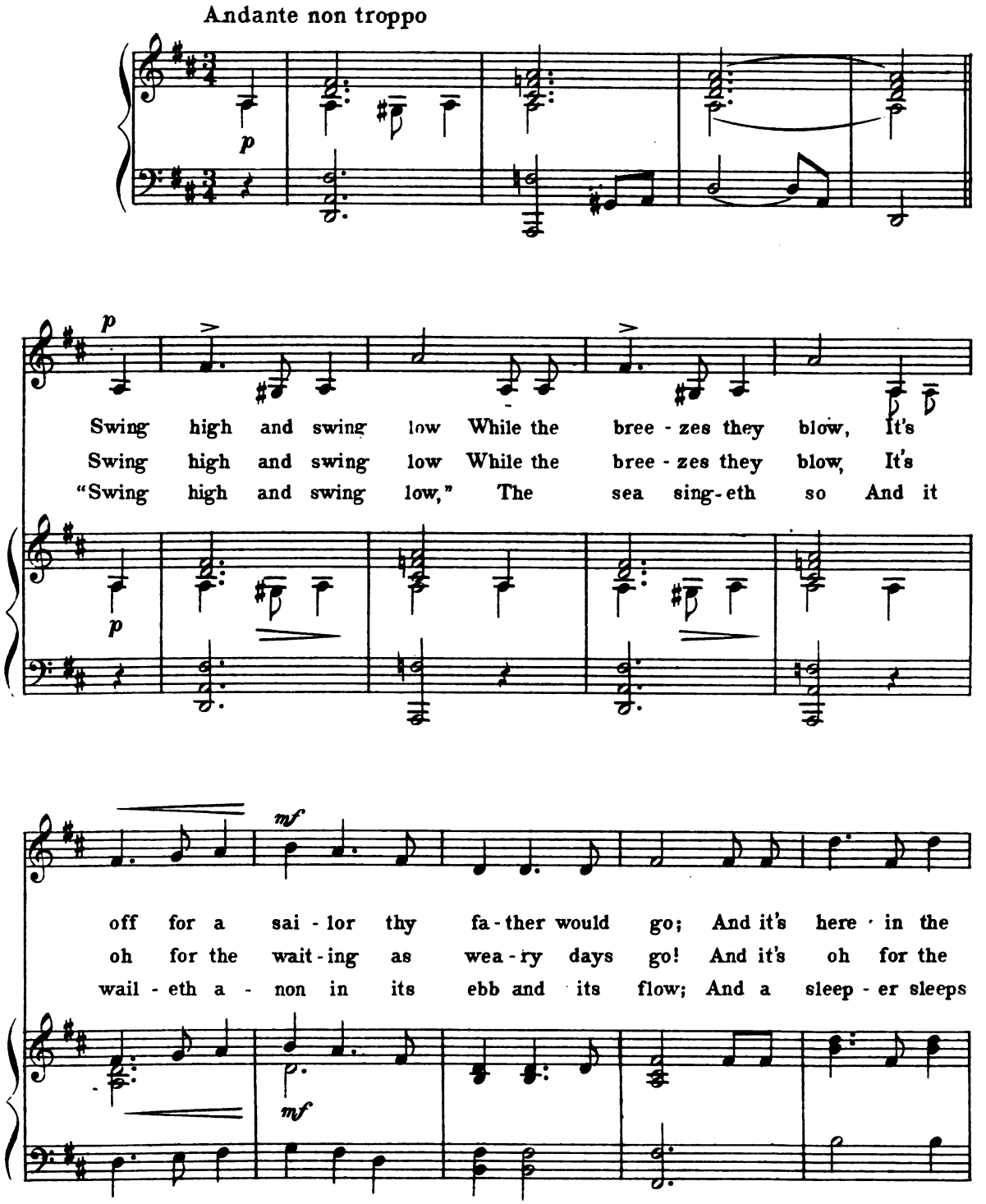
Swing High and Swing Low

Words by EUGENE FIELD

Music by RUTH STEVENS, '03

Andante non troppo



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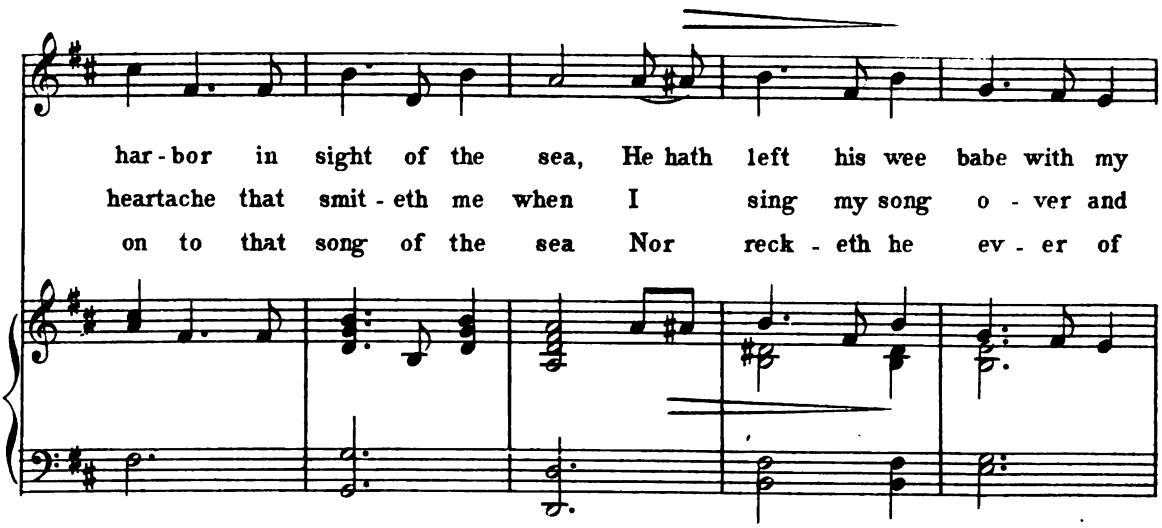

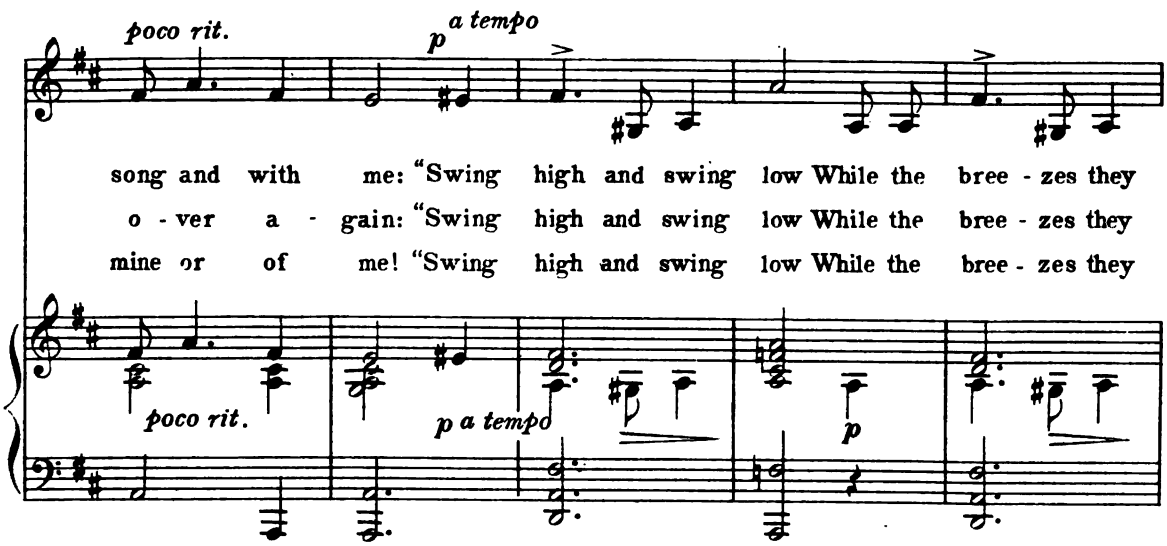

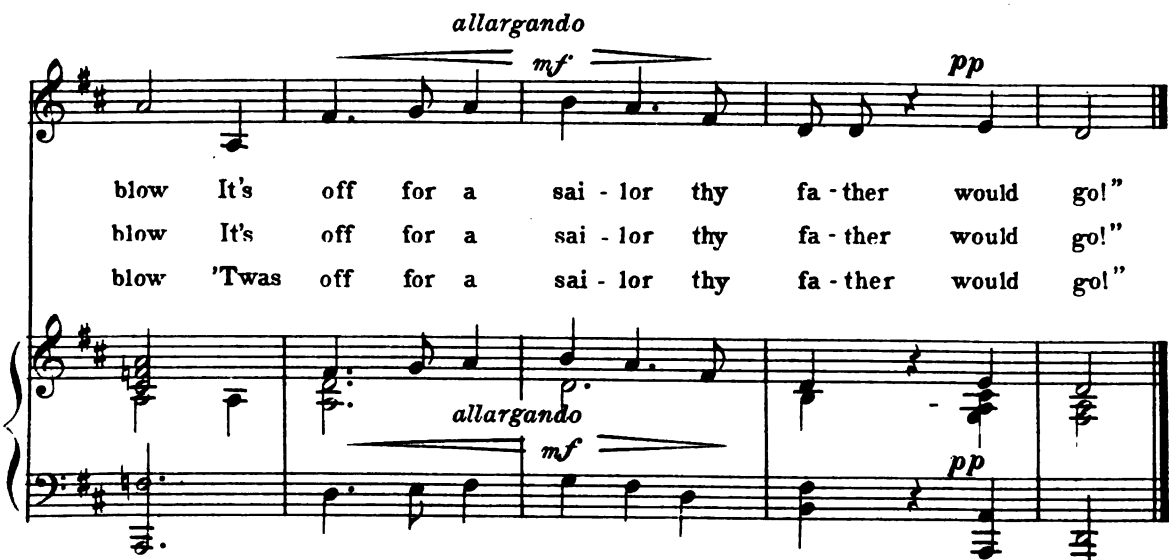

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Junior Usher Song

Solo *Chorus* *Solo*

At Smith a class was known to fame, Nine-ty-five, Nine-ty-five, Which

Chorus *Solo*

from the start was always game, Ninety Ninety-five. They came, saw, con-quer'd at one sweep, And

ritard. *Chorus*

now they're gone, we can but weep. But who's the class that is a-live, Is a-live, is a-live?

Who's the class that is a-live? Nine-ty, Nine-ty-five.

2 Next came a class marked sterling, too,
Ninety-six, Ninety-six;
Of dandy girls they'd not a few,
Ninety, Ninety-six.
When asked to show a prodigee,
They had to say—"We've none, you see;"
But we're a class of little bricks,
Little bricks, little bricks,
We're a class of little bricks,
Ninety, Ninety-six.

3 Nineteen Nine is looking sad,
Tra la la, Tra la la,
I wonder what has made her mad.
Tra la la la la!
Her coaching has been all in vain
The even team will win again
Mm ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta,
Mm ta, ta!
Mm ta ta! etc.

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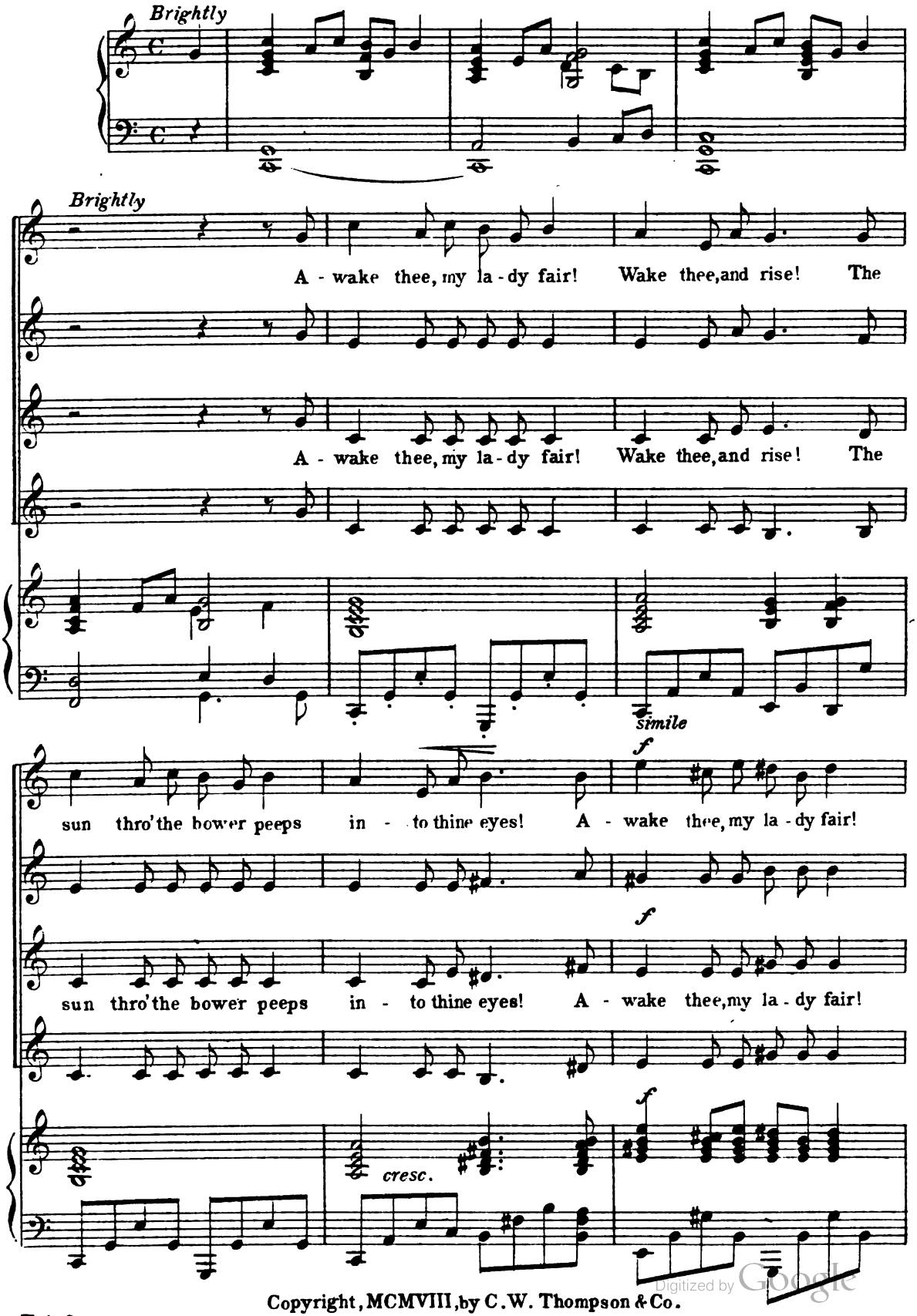
Morning Song

GEORGE DARLEY

JENNIE PEERS, 1905



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poco rit. *a tempo*

Wake thee, and rise, The sun thro the bower peeps In - to thine eyes. A -

poco rit. *a tempo*

Wake thee, and rise, The sun thro the bower peeps In - to thine eyes.

poco rit. *a tempo*

wake ___ thee, a - wake ___ thee, a - wake ___ thee, and *rit.*

a - wake ___ thee, a - wake ___ thee, and *rit.*

rit.

a tempo

rise! A - wake thee, my la - dy fair! Wake thee and rise, The

a tempo

rise! A - wake thee, my la - dy fair! Wake thee and rise, The

wake and rise!

a tempo *simile*

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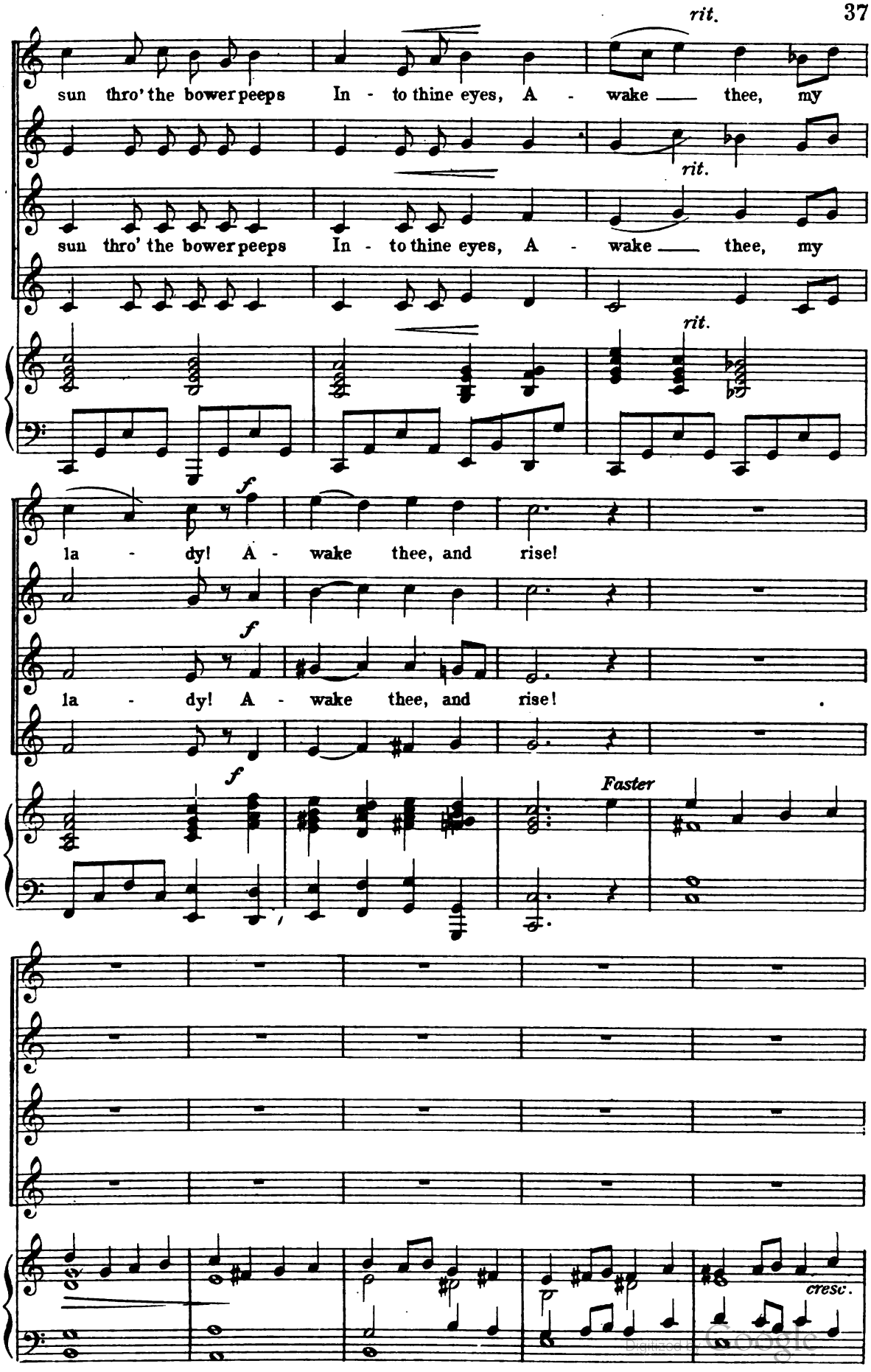

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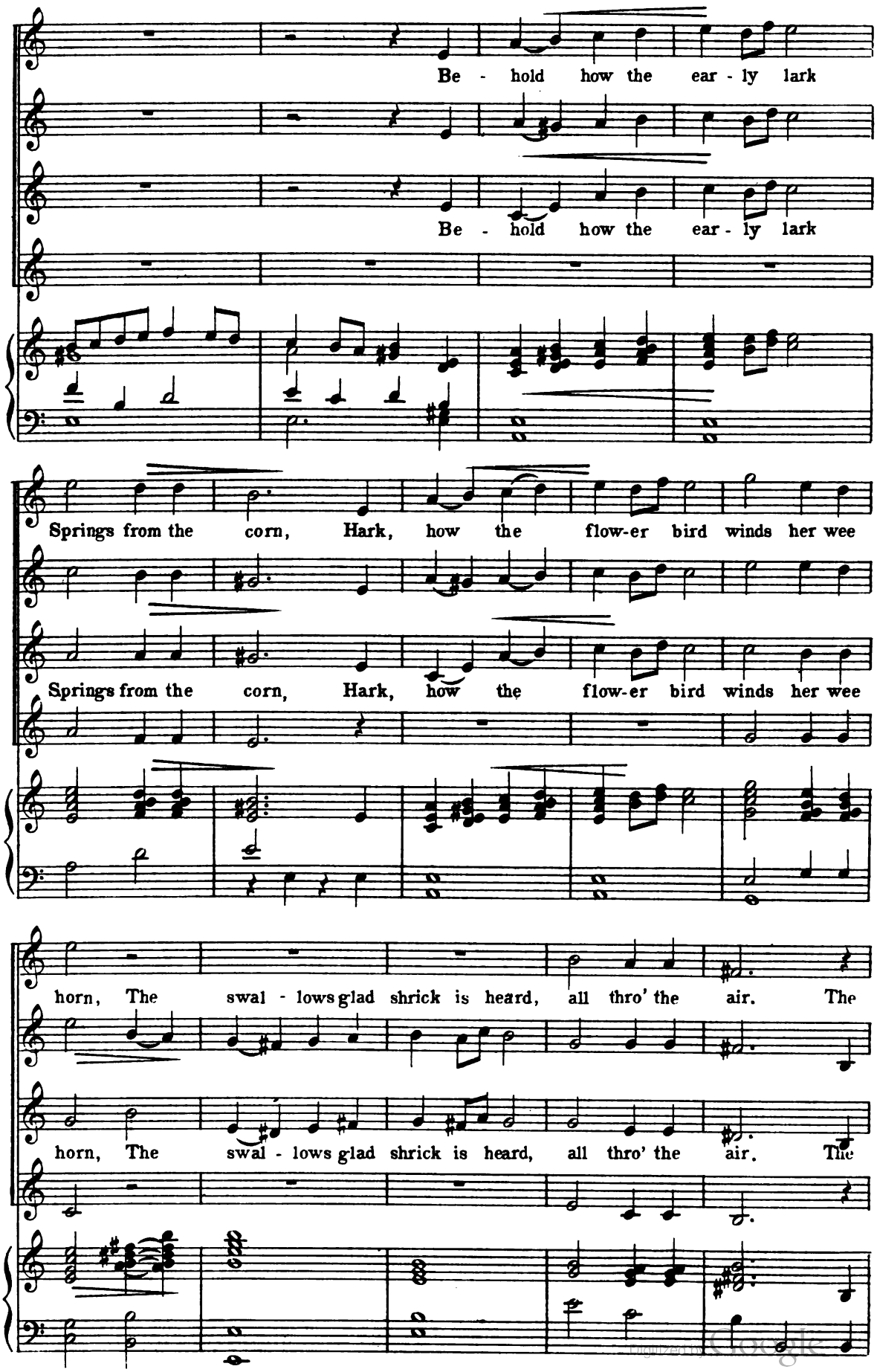

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ff

stock - dove is mur - mur - ing Loud as she dare! A - poll - o's wing'd

cresc. *ff* A - poll - o's

stock - dove is mur - mur - ing Loud as she dare! A - poll - o's

ff

bu - gle - man Can - not con - tain, But peals his loud

his

bu - gle - man Can - not con - tain, But peals his

f

trum - pet call once and a - gain! A -

trum - pet call once and a - gain! A -

f

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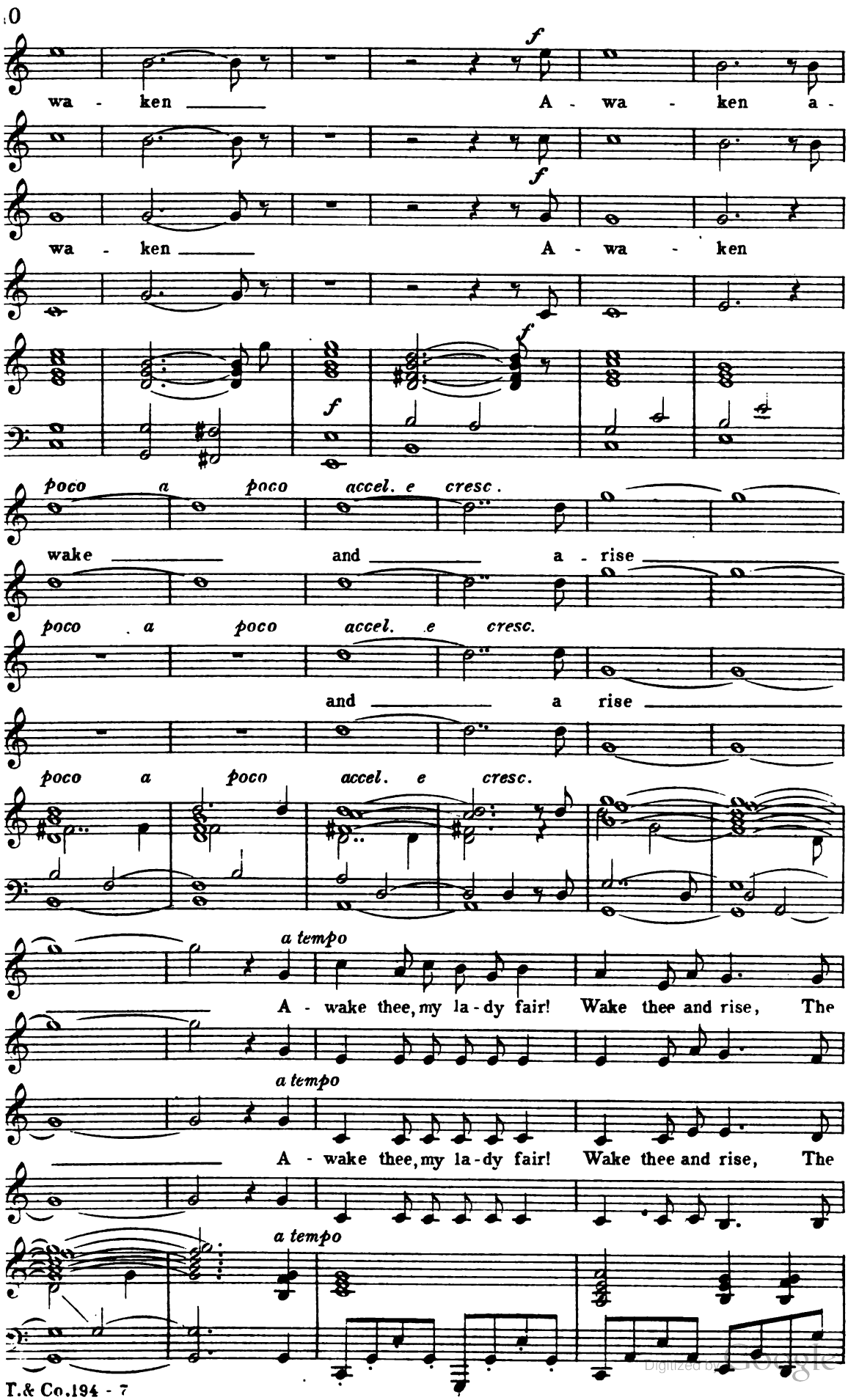

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sun thro' the bower peeps In - to thine eyes, The sun thro' the bower peeps

sun thro' the bower peeps In - to thine eyes, The sun thro' the bower peeps

rit. *a tempo* *f*

In - to thine eyes, Wake thee, my la - dy fair! Wake and a - rise! A -

rit. *a tempo* *f*

In - to thine eyes, Wake thee, my la - dy fair! Wake and a - rise! A -

rit. *a tempo* *f*

cresc.

wake and rise! A - wake and rise!

cresc.

wake and rise! A - wake and rise! a - rise!

cresc.

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Songs My Mother Taught Me

ANTON DVORAK
Arr. by JENNIE PEERS,'05

Andante con moto

mf

p

Songs my mo - ther taught ___ me

p

Songs my mo - ther taught ___ me

p

Songs my mo - ther taught me

p

pp

pp

in the days long van - ish'd; Sel - dom from her

in the days long van - ish'd; Sel - dom from her

in the days long van - ish'd; Sel - dom from her

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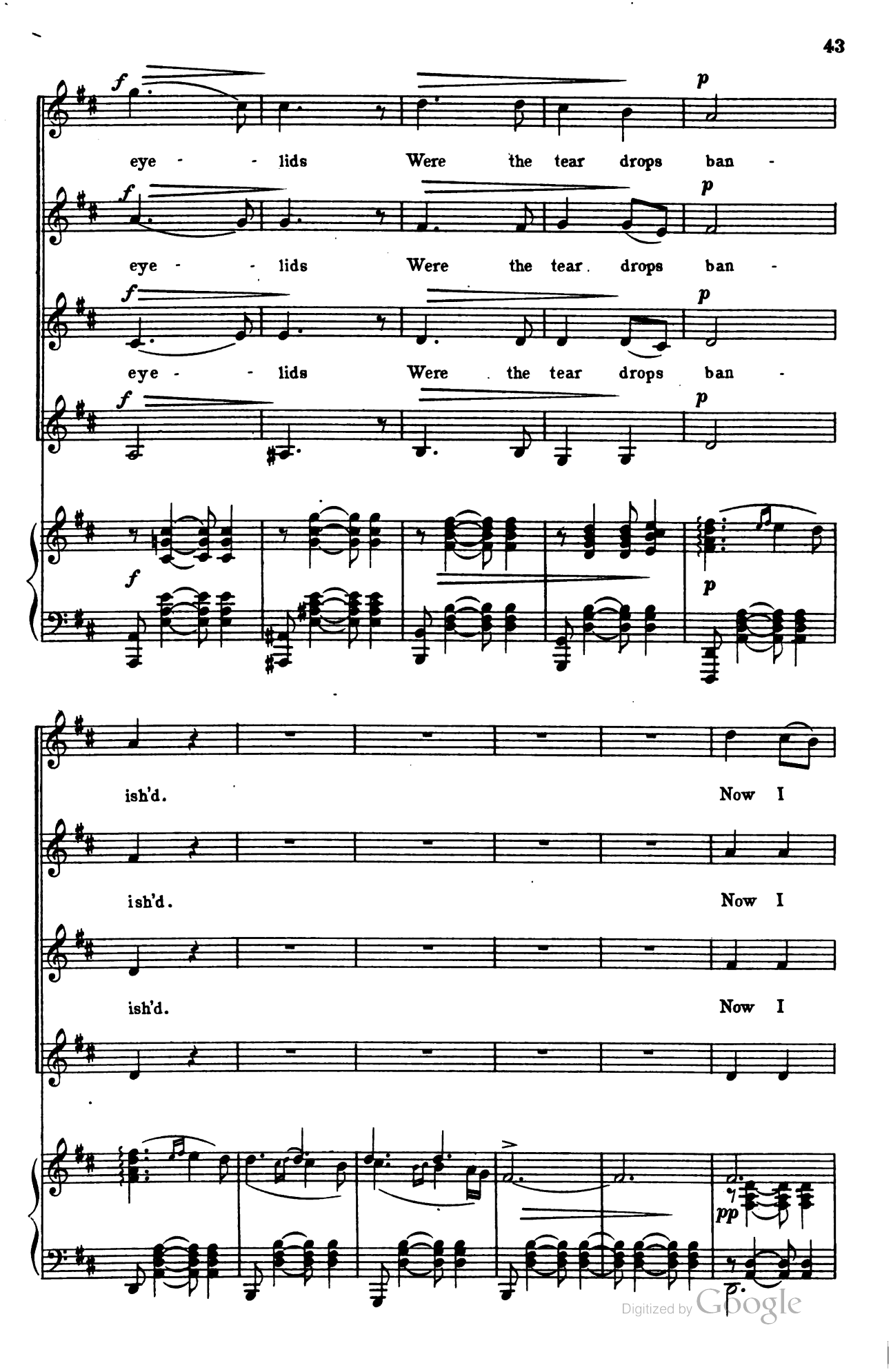

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teach my chil - - dren each me - lo - dious

teach my chil - - dren each me - lo - dious

teach my chil - - dren each me - lo - dious

mea - - sure: Oft the tears are flow -

mea - - sure: Oft the tears are flow -

mea - - sure: Oft the tears are flow -

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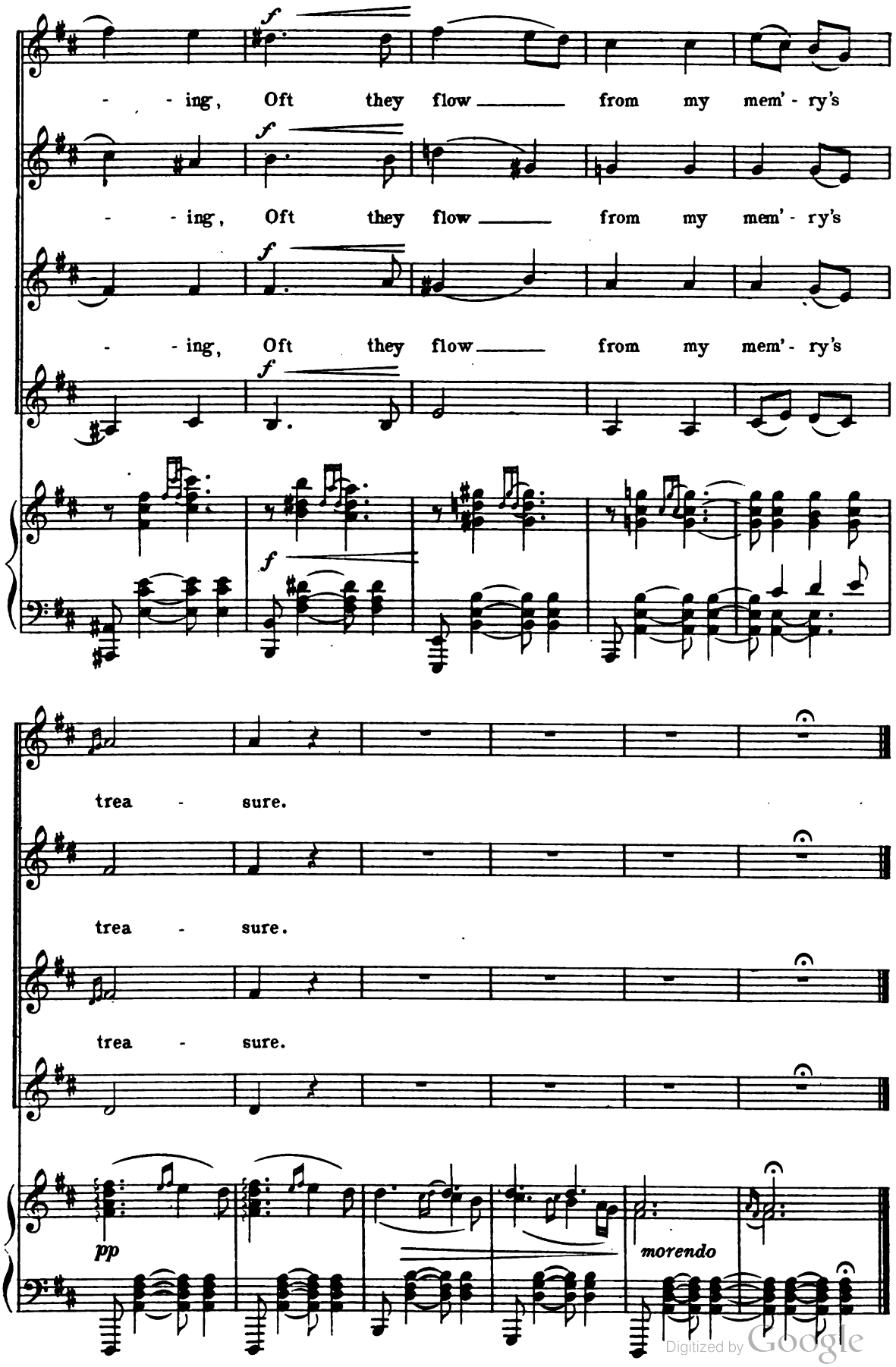

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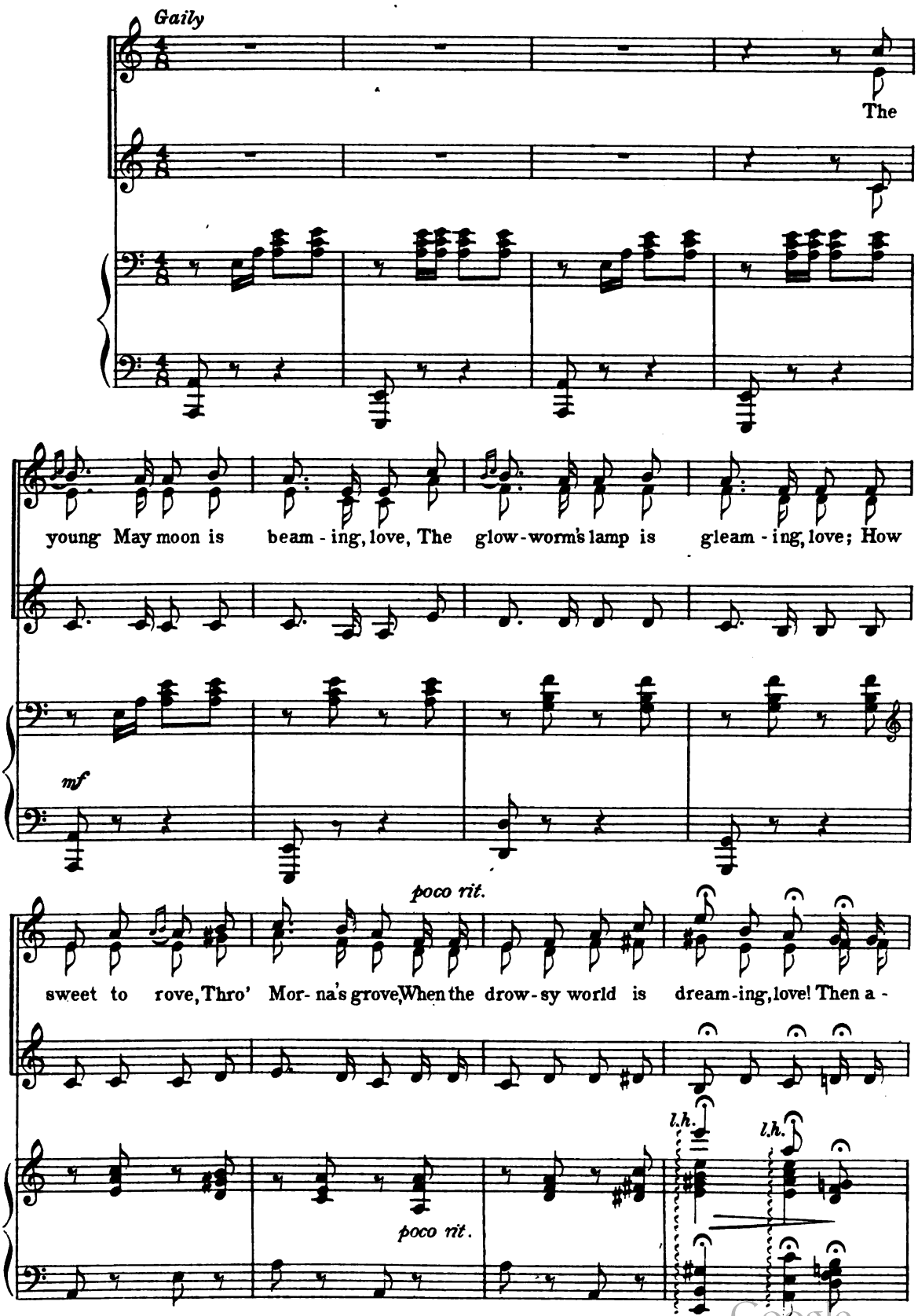
The Young May Moon

THOMAS MOORE

PAULINE SPERRY, '06



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a tempo

f

wake! The heav'ns look bright, my dear, 'Tis ne'er too late for de - light, my dear, And the

f

f a tempo

poco cresc.

2 nd time omit and take Coda

best of all ways to lengthen our days Is to steal a few hours from the

poco cresc.

Solo

night, my dear. Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the

La La La La

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sage, his star watch keep - ing, love, And I, whose star more glorious far Is the

La La La La

eye from the case - ment peep - ing, love, Then a -

mf

wake! Till rise of sun, my dear, The sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or in

mf

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poco cresc.

watching the flight, Of bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

poco cresc.

CODA *cresc.*

The best of all ways to length- en our days Is to

cresc.

accel.

steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

8

accel.

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Madrigal: Pack Clouds Away

Words by THOMAS HEYWOOD

JENNIE PEERS, '05

Moderato con moto

Brightly

Pack clouds a - way and wel - come day With night we ban - ish sor - row, With night we ban - ish sor - row;

Wake from thy nest Ro - bin Red - breast Sing birds in ev - 'ry fur - row, Sing birds in ev - 'ry fur - row;

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cresc.

Sweet air blow soft, Mount, lark a -
And from each hill Let mu - sic

cresc.

f

loft To give my love good mor - row To
shrill Give my fair love good mor - row Give

f

give my love good mor - row Wings from the wind to
my fair love good mor - row Blackbird and thrush in

mf

mf

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please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll bor - row Birds prove thy wing
ev - 'ry bush, Lin - net and cock - spar - row You pret - ty elves

allargando

Night - in - gale sing To give my love good mor - row, To
a - mong yourselves Sing my fair love good mor - row, Sing

allargando

give my love good mor - row! Notes from them both I'll bor - -
my fair love good

softer and slower

gradually softer and slower

Digitized by Google

row!

a tempo

2

cresc. *rit.*

mor - row! Birds prove thy wing, Night-in-gale sing, Night-in-gale

cresc. *rit.*

cresc. *rit.*

sing To give my love good mor - - row!

cresc. *rit.*

Ped. *

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The Constant Cannibal Maiden

Words by WALLACE IRWIN
from
Nautical Lays of a Landsman

Music by EMMA BOWDEN, '07

Moderato *A rolling gait*

ff

Far, oh far is the Man-go Is-land,

Far, oh far is the Trop-i-cal sea; Palms a-slant and the

Slightly slower

hills a-smile And a Can-ni-bal Maid-en a-wait-in' for me.

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Faster

I've been deceived by a damsel Spanish And In-di-an maidens both

lightly

red and brown, A black-eyed Turk and a blue-eyed Danish, And a

Slowly and solemnly

dragged out

Pur-i-tan las-sie of Sa-lem town. For

Digitized by Google

a tempo

Pur-i-tan Prue she sits in the of-fing, A-cast-in' 'er eyes at a

tall ma-rine, And the Span-ish minx is the worst at scoffing Of

all the wim-ming I ev-er seen. But the

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with mock seriousness

cresc.

Can-ni-bal maid is a sim - ple creature With the ha - bit of gaz - in'

o - ver the sea, A - hop - in' in vain for the day I'll meet 'er, And

ff

con - stant and faith - ful a - yearn - in' for me. The

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Turkish sweetheart, she played me dou-ble, E - loped with the Sul - tan

Harum - In - Deed. And the Dan-ish dam - sel she made me trouble When she

up and mar - ried an ob - long Swede. But there's

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impassively

truth in the heart of the maid of Mango, Tho' her cheek is black like the

kiln - baked cork, As she sits in the shade of the whin - go - whan - go, A -

dim.

wait - in' for me with a knife and fork!

glissando to

suddenly attack *con tutta la forza*

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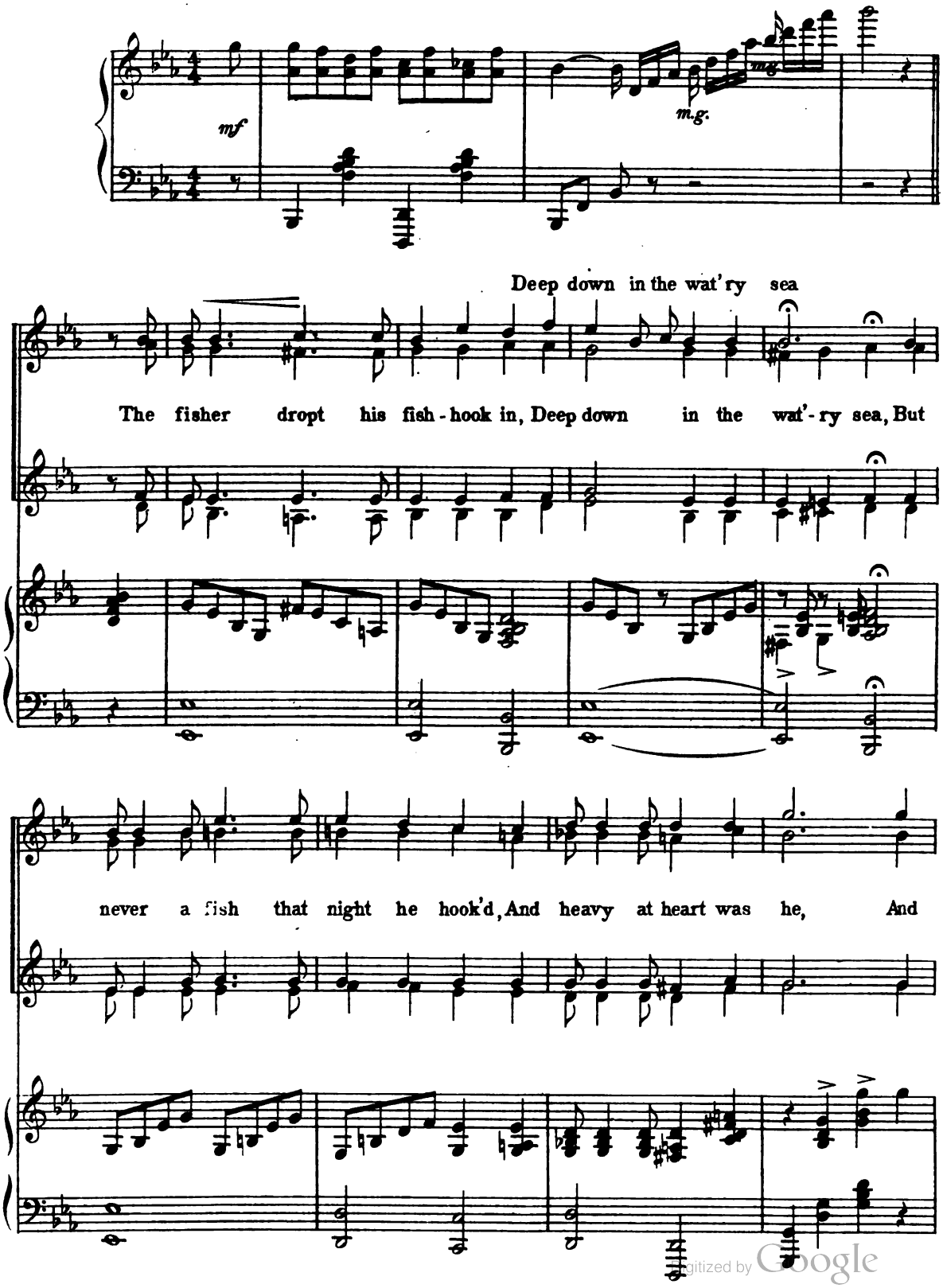
A Tale of the Deep

HELEN AYER MARDEN, '09



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rit. *pp*

hea - vy at heart was he. A

A dolphin

rit. *a tempo* *m.g.* *m.g.* *tr*

Deep down in the wat'-ry

mp *mf*

dol - phin went golf - in' Deep down in the

went golf - in'

tr

sea

wat' - ry sea; His cad - dy A finnan had - die And

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bubbles for balls had he! A nice land on the

m.g.

smooth sand The dolphin, where was he? The

m.g.

rit.

dolphin, where was he? The

rit.

where was he?

a tempo

a tempo

pp

Digitized by Google

From deep in the wat'-ry

fish-er hauled his fish net out From deep in the

sea;

f

wat'-ry sea; The sun look'd down on a glo-rious catch, And the

m.g.

f

mf

p

dolphin, where was he? The dolphin, where was he?

mf

pp

m.g.

Ped.

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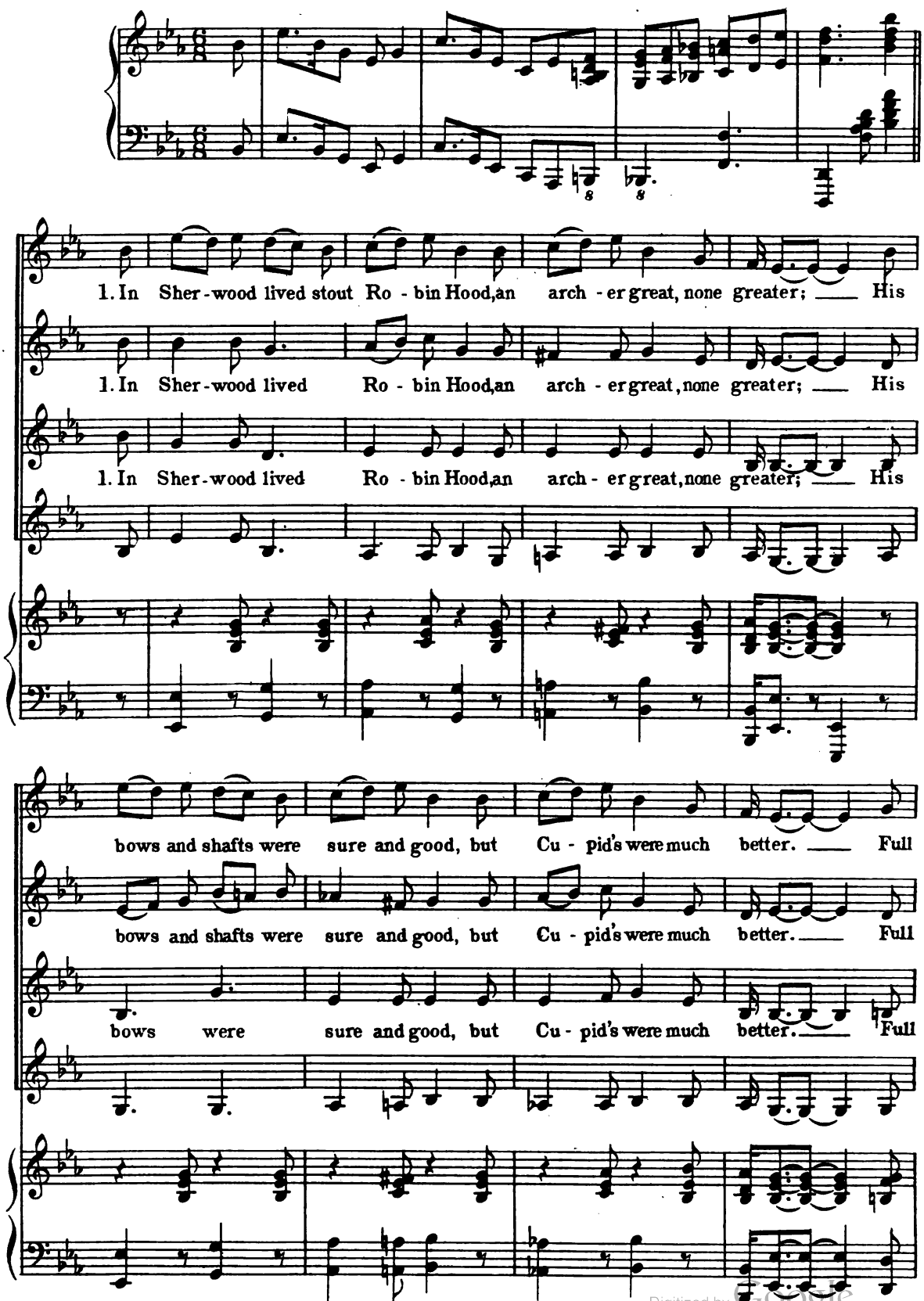
In Sherwood Lived Stout Robin Hood

GUTCH

MARGARET HATFIELD,'09



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sure and swift was Ro-bin's aim, no archer could rival his well-earn'd fame, except Cupid the master wh

sure and swift was Ro-bin's aim, no one rivalled his well-earn'd fame; Cu - pid

sure and swift was Ro-bin's aim, no one rivalled his well-earn'd fame; Cu - pid

let fly his dart, and struck brave Ro - bin's heart,

let fly his dart, and struck brave Ro - bin's heart,

let fly his dart, and struck brave Ro - bin's heart,

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Chorus

Hey jolly Robin, Ho jolly Robin, Hey Ho jol-ly Robin Hood!

Hey jolly Robin, Ho jolly Robin, Hey Ho jol-ly Robin Hood!

Hey jolly Robin, Ho jolly Robin, Hey Ho jol-ly Robin Hood!

Love finds out me as well as thee, so follow me, follow me to the green wood.

Love finds out me as well as thee, so follow me, follow me to the green wood.

Love finds out me as well as thee, so follow me, follow me to the green wood.

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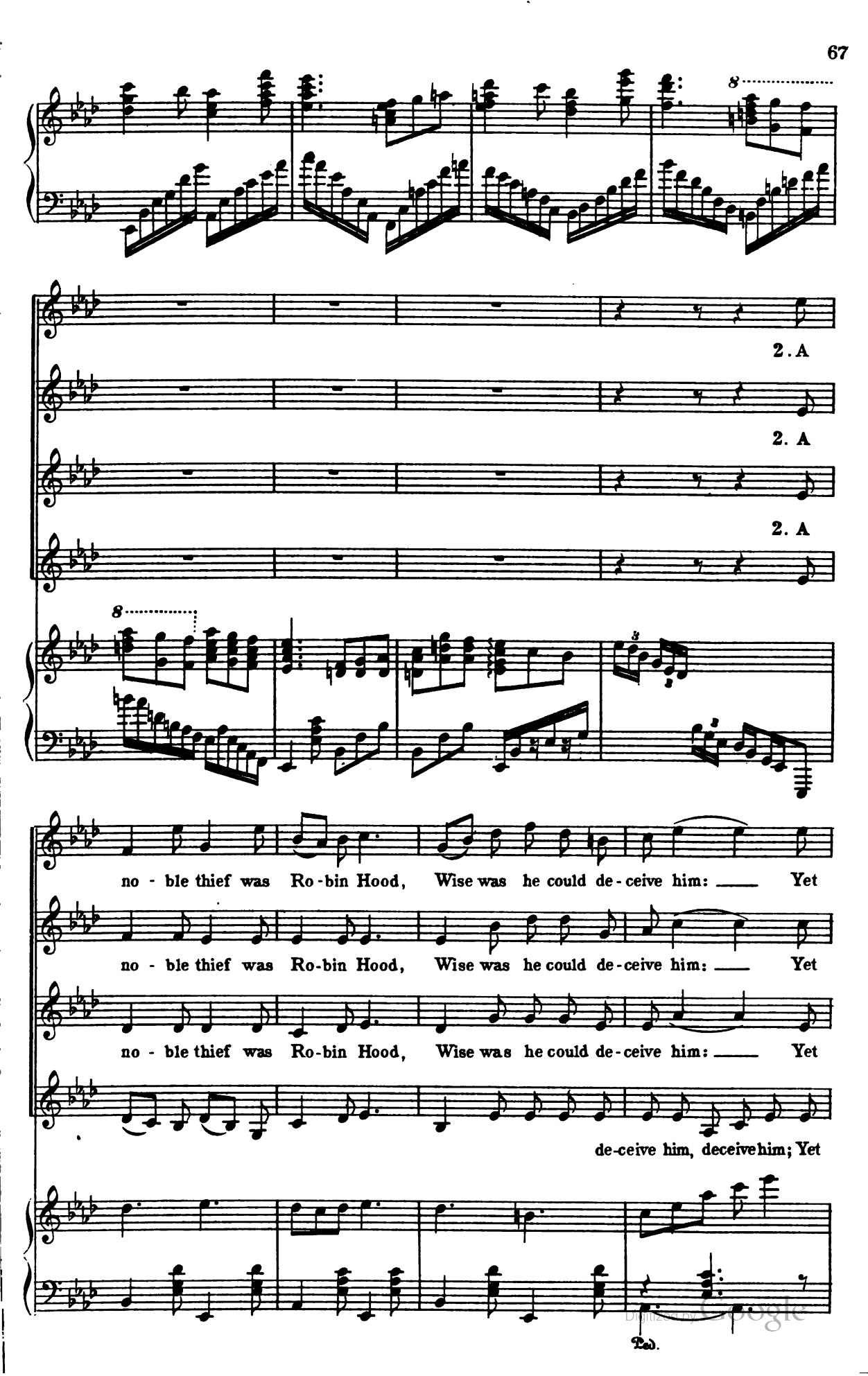

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Ma-rian in his brav-est mood could of his heart be-reave him, For no

Ma-rian in his brav-est mood could of his heart be-reave him, For no

Ma-rian in his brav-est mood could of his heart be-reave him, For no

greater thief lies hidden under the skies than beauty lodged in women's eyes.

greater thief lies under the skies than beauty lodged in women's eyes.

greater thief lies under the skies than beauty lodged in women's eyes.

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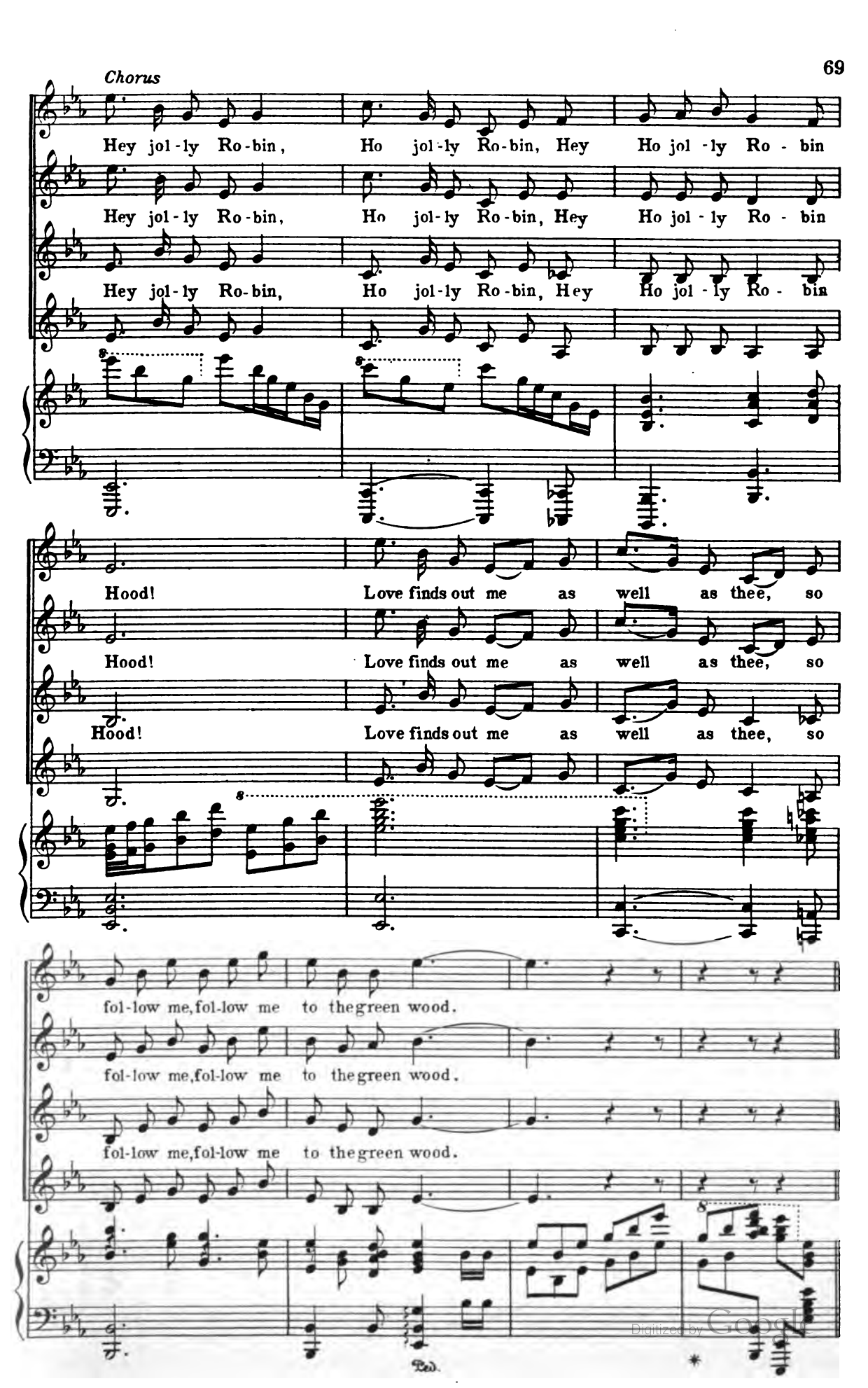

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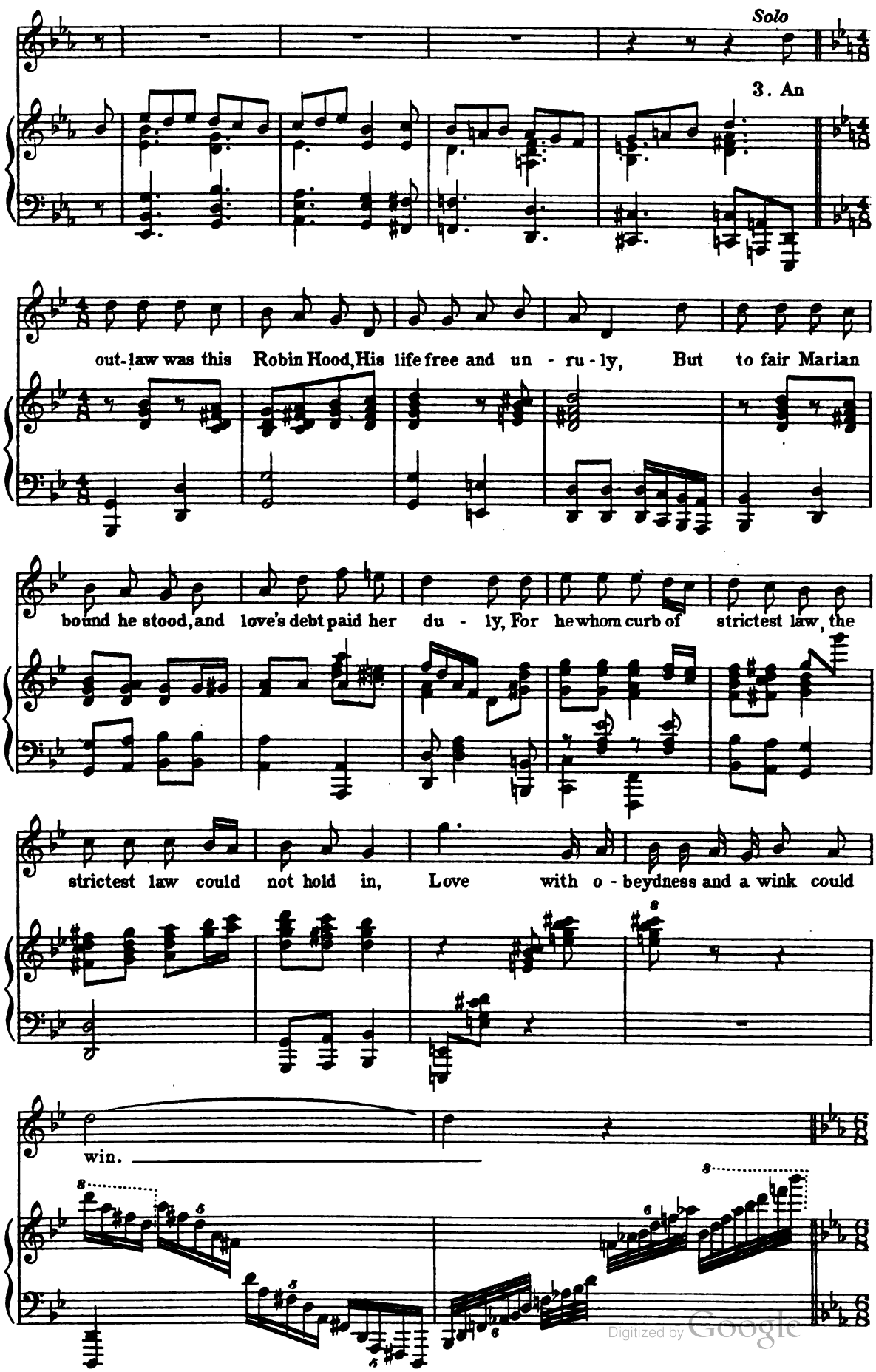

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Chorus

Hey jol-ly Ro-bin, Ho jol-ly Ro-bin, Hey Ho jol-ly Ro-bin

Hey jol-ly Ro-bin, Ho jol-ly Ro-bin, Hey Ho jol-ly Ro-bin

Hey jol-ly Ro-bin, Ho jol-ly Ro-bin, Hey Ho jol-ly Ro-bin

Hood! Love finds out me as well as thee, so

Hood! Love finds out me as well as thee, so

Hood! Love finds out me as well as thee, so

follow me, follow me to the green wood.

follow me, follow me to the green wood.

follow me, follow me to the green wood.

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Wynken, Blynken and Nod

EUGENE FIELD

KATHARINE M. SEWALL,'09

With a swaying motion not too slowly

mf

Ped. *ad lib.*

Wyn-ken, Blyn-ken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wood-en shoe, threw For the fish in the twink-ling foam, Then

All night long their nets they

Wyn-ken Blyn-ken Nod one night Sailed in a wood-en shoe

All night long their nets they threw For the fish in the foam

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cresc.

Sailed on a riv - er of mis - ty light In - to a sea of
down from the sky came the wood - en shoe Bring - ing the fish - er - men

Sailed a riv - er of mis - ty light
Down the sky came the wood - en shoe

p

dew "Where are you go - ing, and what do you wish?" The
home 'Twas all so pret - ty a sail it seem'd, As

p

In - to a sea of dew "Where are you go - ing, and what do you wish?" The
Bring - ing them home 'Twas all so pret - ty a sail it seem'd, As

p *mysteriously*

come to fish for the
some folks tho't 'twas a

mf

old moon asked the three "We have we have come for the
if it could not be And some folks tho't 'twas a

mf

old moon asked the three "We have come we have come for
if it could not be And some folks tho't a

mf

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live in the beau-ti-ful sea
sail-ing the beau-ti-ful sea

her-ring fish That live in the sea, the sea,
dream they dreamed Of sail-ing the sea, the sea,

her-ring fish That live in the sea the
dream they dreamed, Of sail-ing the sea the

Nets of sil-ver and gold have
But I shall name you the fish-er-men

sea. Nets of sil-ver gold have
sea. I shall name the fish-er-men

rit.

we," Said Wyn-ken, Blyn-ken and Nod
three Wyn-ken, Blyn-ken and Nod

we" Blyn-ken and Nod.
three Blyn-ken and Nod.

rit.

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Wynken and Blyn- ken are

a tempo

Wynken and Blynken are

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

two lit - tle eyes And Nod is a lit - tle head, And the

two lit - tle eyes And Nod is a lit - tle head And the

wood - en shoe that sailed the skies is a wee one's trun - dle

wood - en shoe that sailed the skies a wee one's trun - dle

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sleepily
hum

Solo

bed. So shut your eyes while moth - er sings Of

bed. *hum*

sleepily

And you shall see the

won - der-ful sights that be, you shall see the

rit.

you shall see the

rit. *a tempo*

rock on the mis - ty sea

beau-ti - ful things As you rock on the sea, the sea

beau-ti- ful things As you rock on the sea, the

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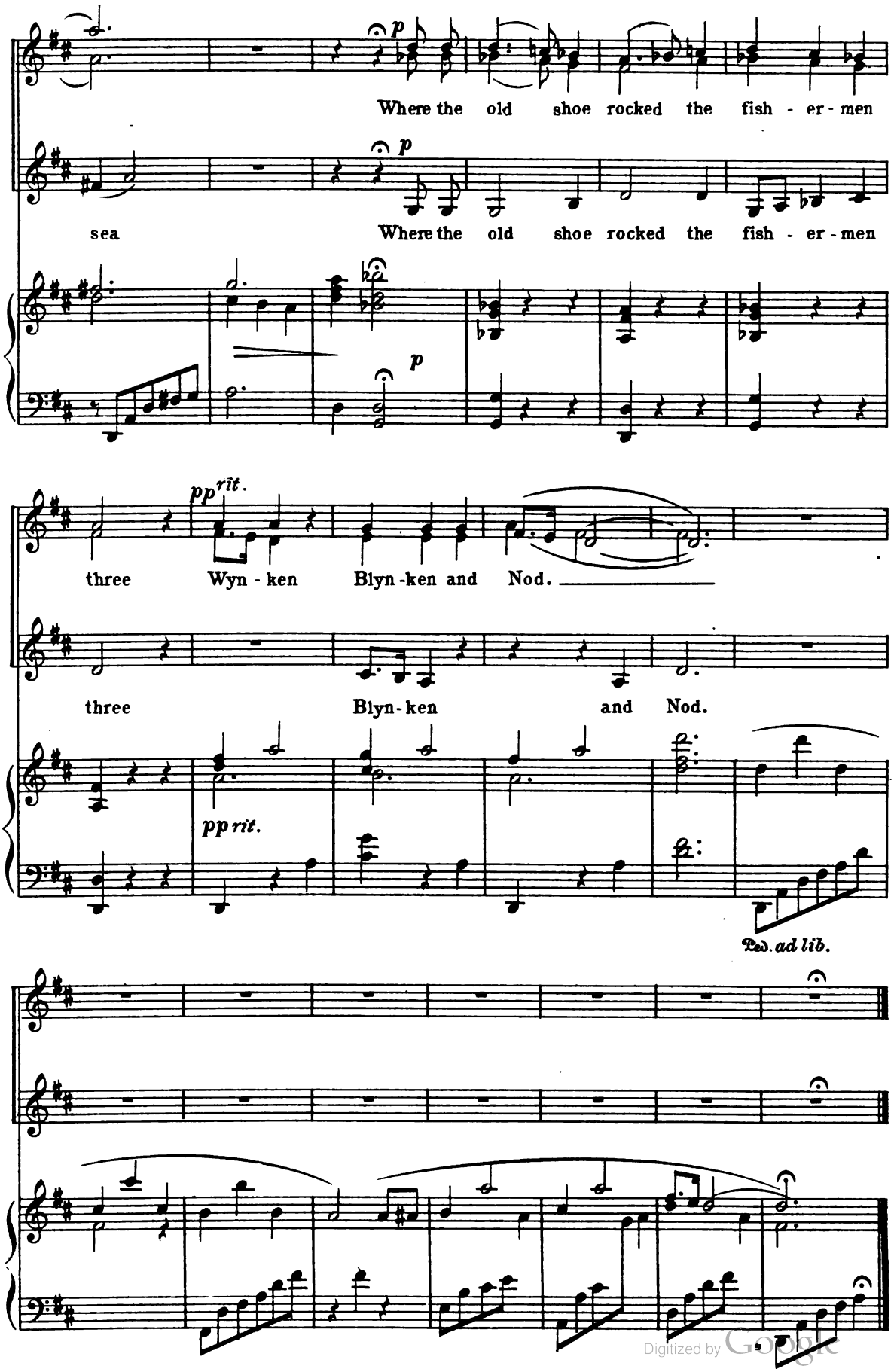

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Serenade

LORD GEOFFREY AMHERST
J. S. HAMILTON

Melody

Oh — — fair — — We'll sing and shout your

prais-es o'er and o'er To you we ev - er will be

loy - al Till the sun shall climb the heav'ns no more.

By permission of J.S.Hamilton

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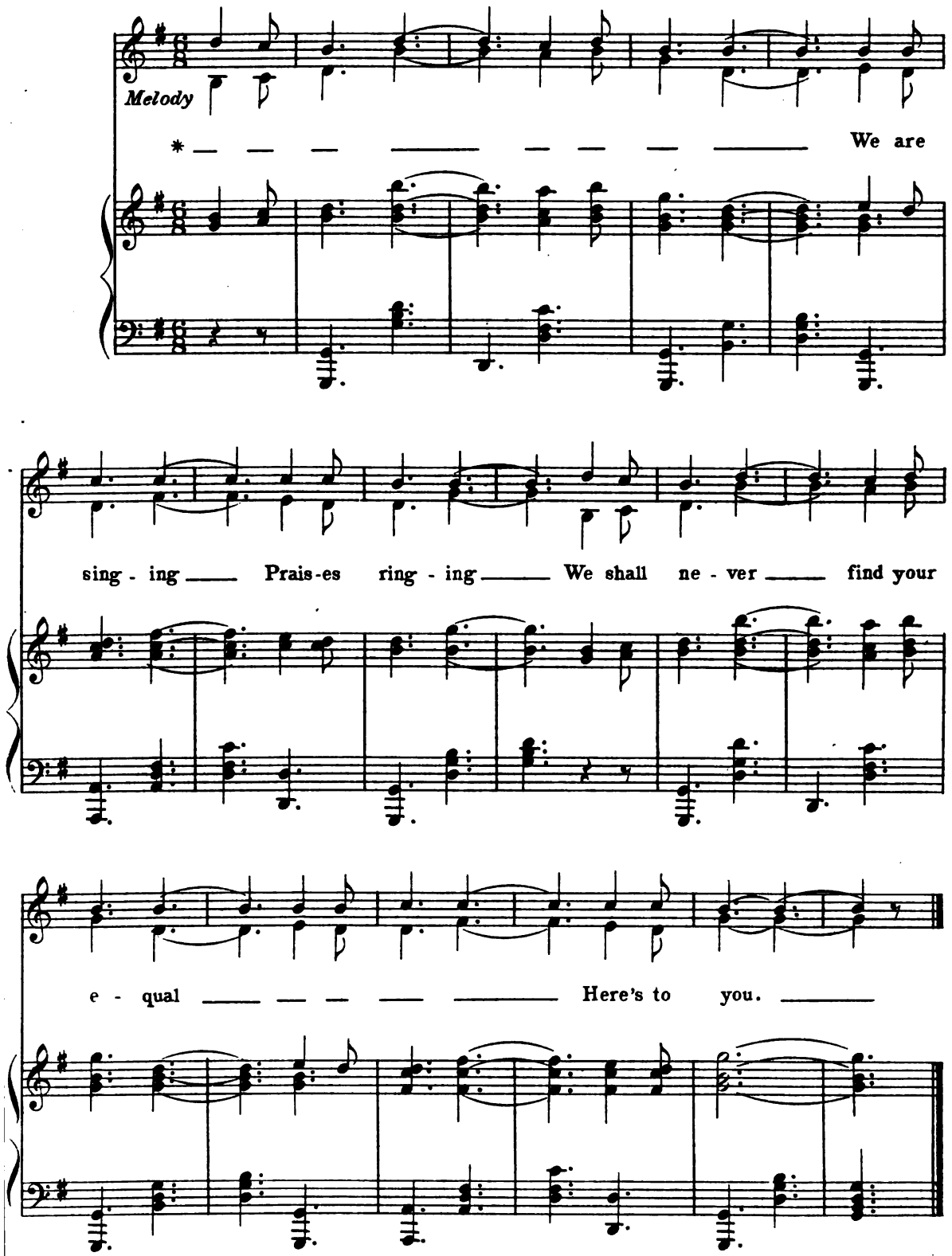
Serenade

YALE BOOLA



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1909 Song

SOLDIER'S FIELD
HARVARD SONG

On the floor the fight is rag-ing, watch our odd team play.

See the score that we are mak-ing, we will win to - day, (rah! rah! rah!)

See the ev - ens, how they're los - ing, losing more and more. Then

fight, fight, fight, for we win to - night, Nineteen Nine! for - ev - er - more.

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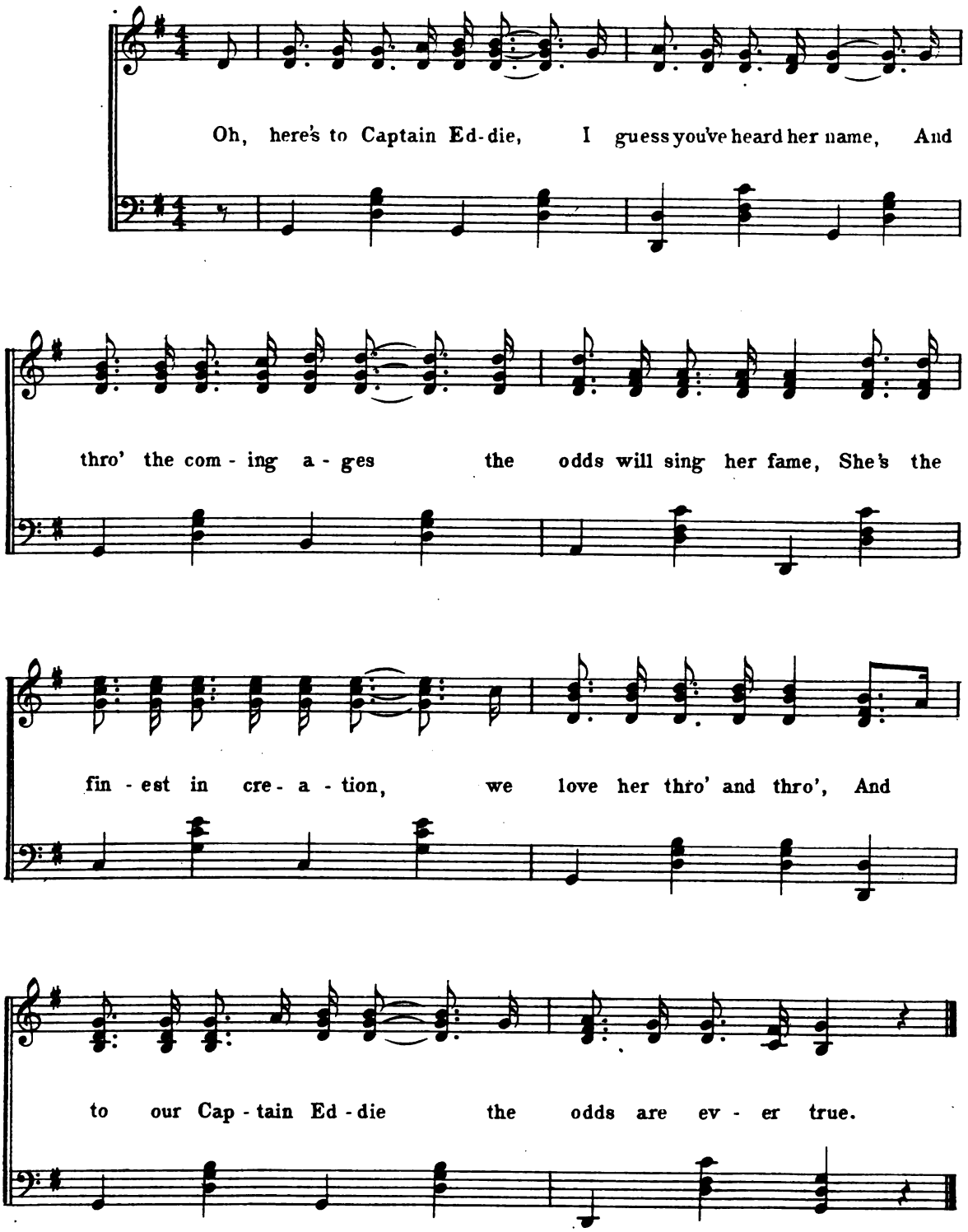
1909 Serenade



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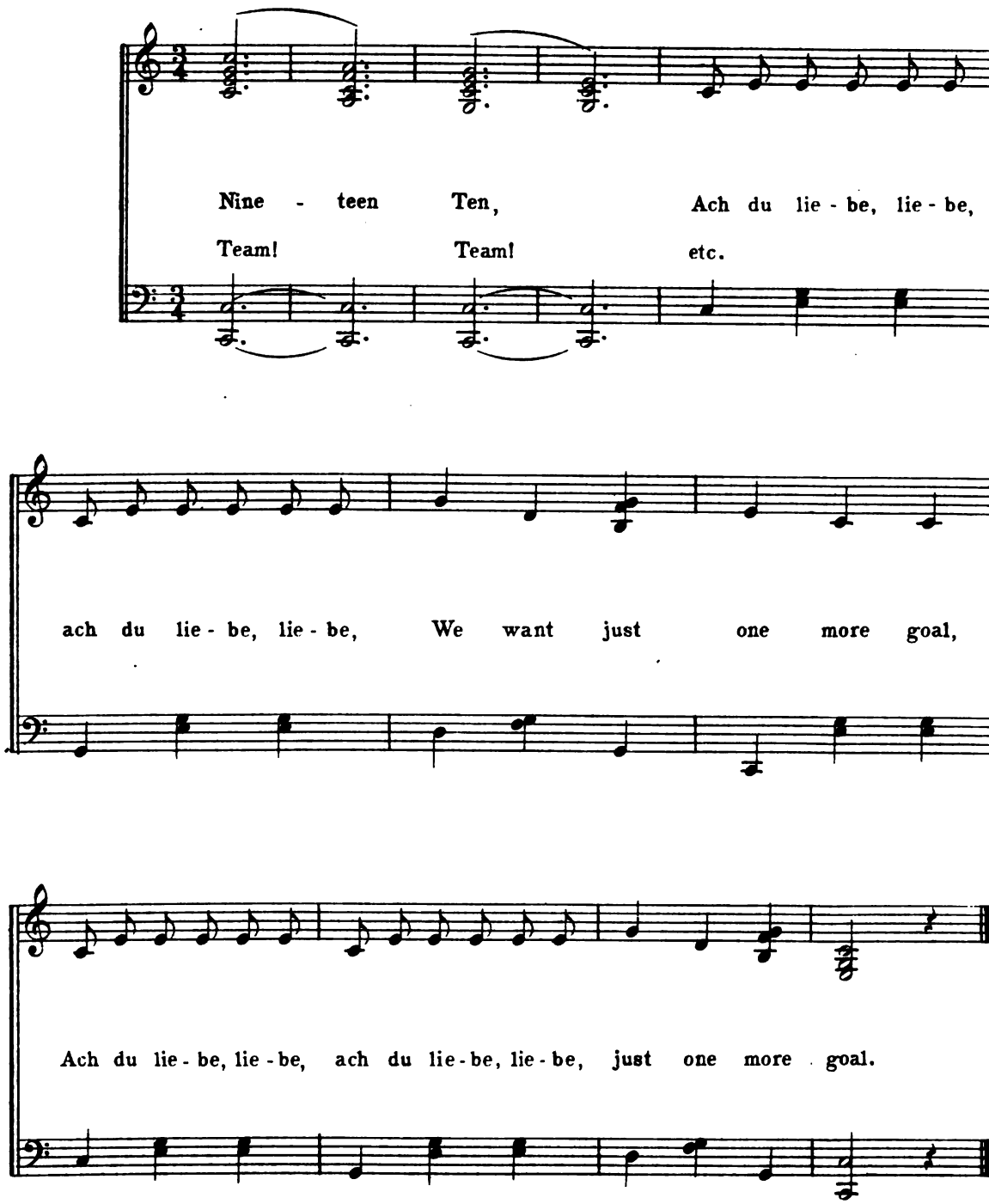
Ach du Liebe, 1910



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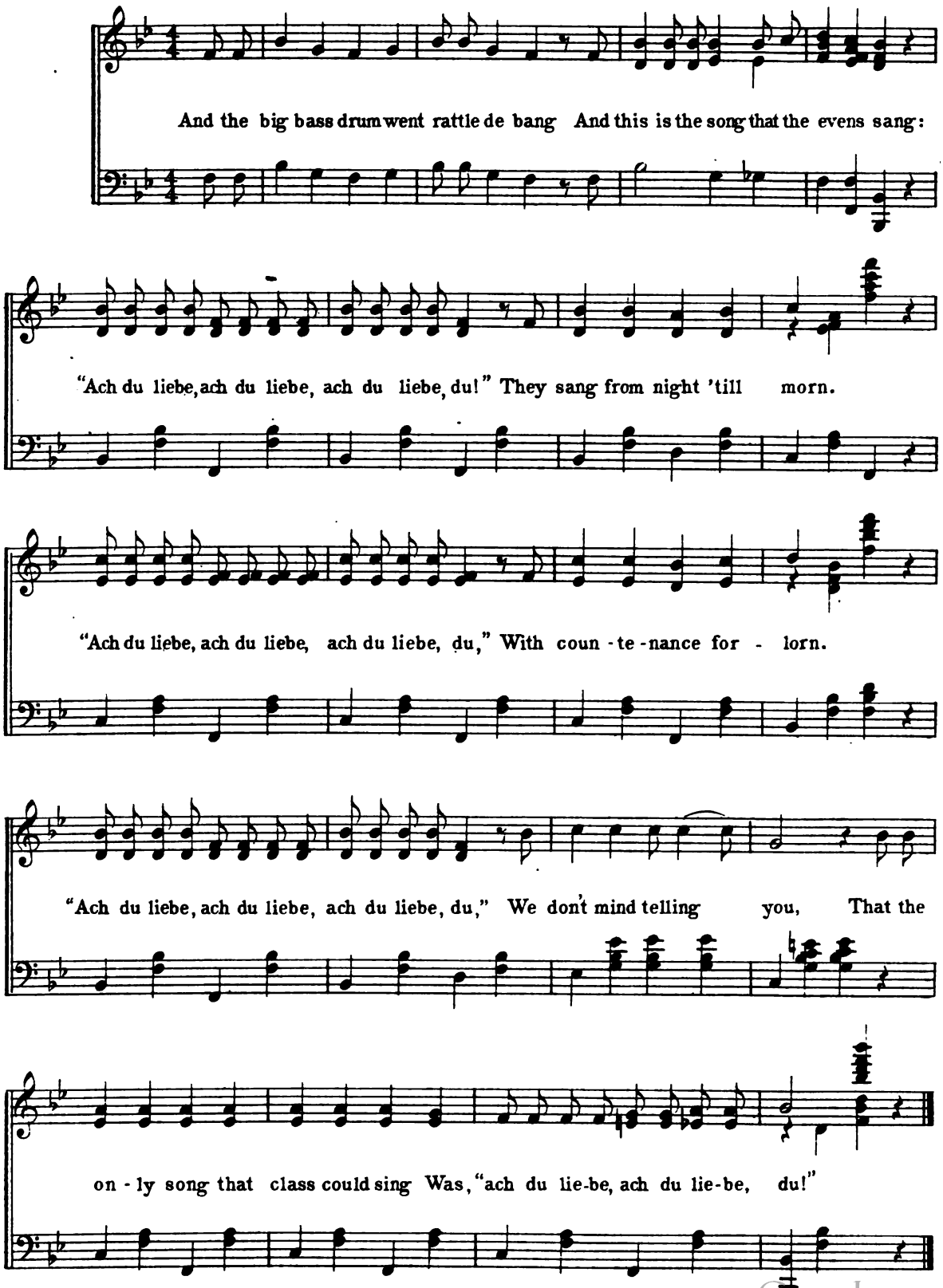
1909 Song



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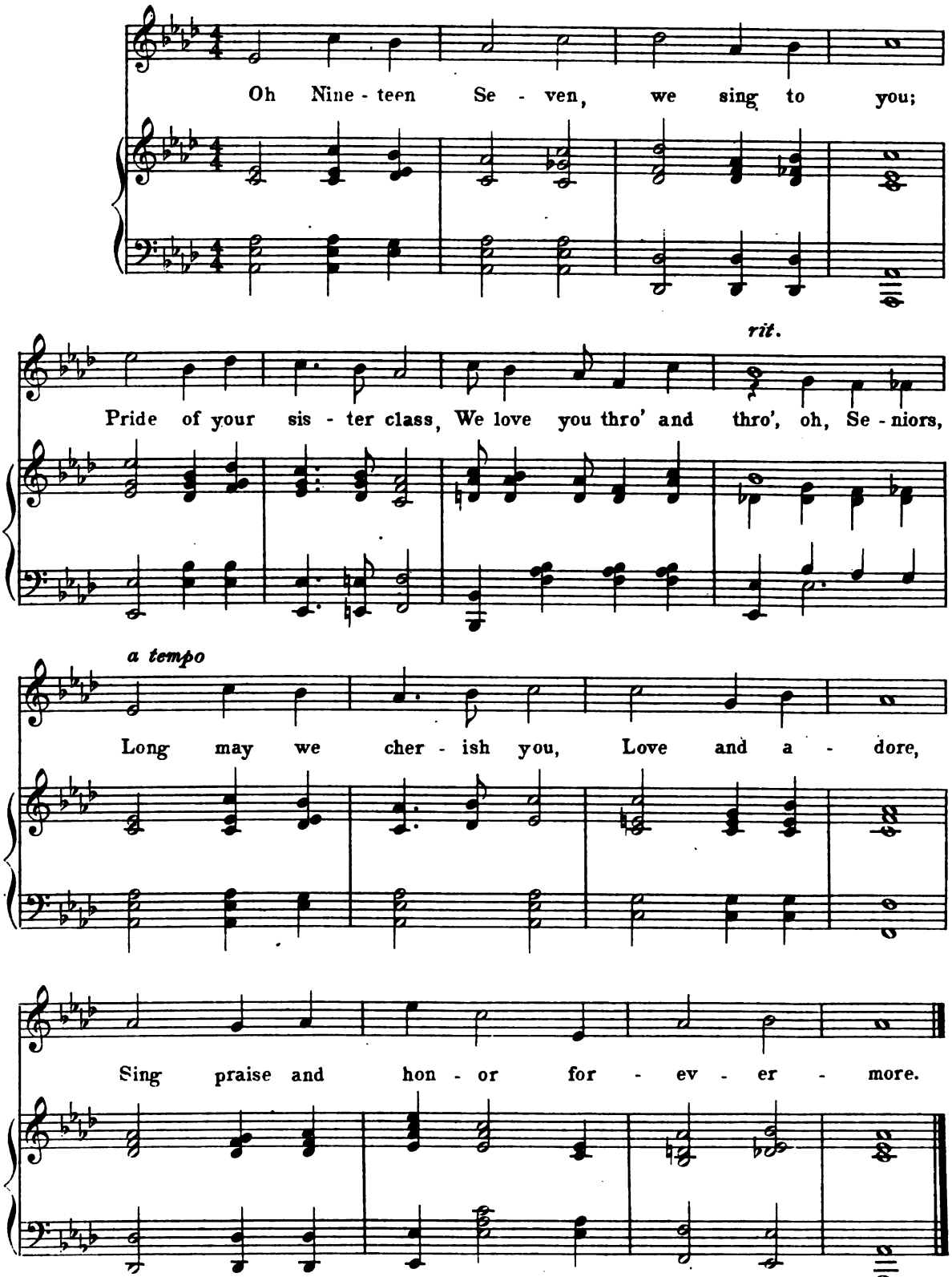
1909 to 1907



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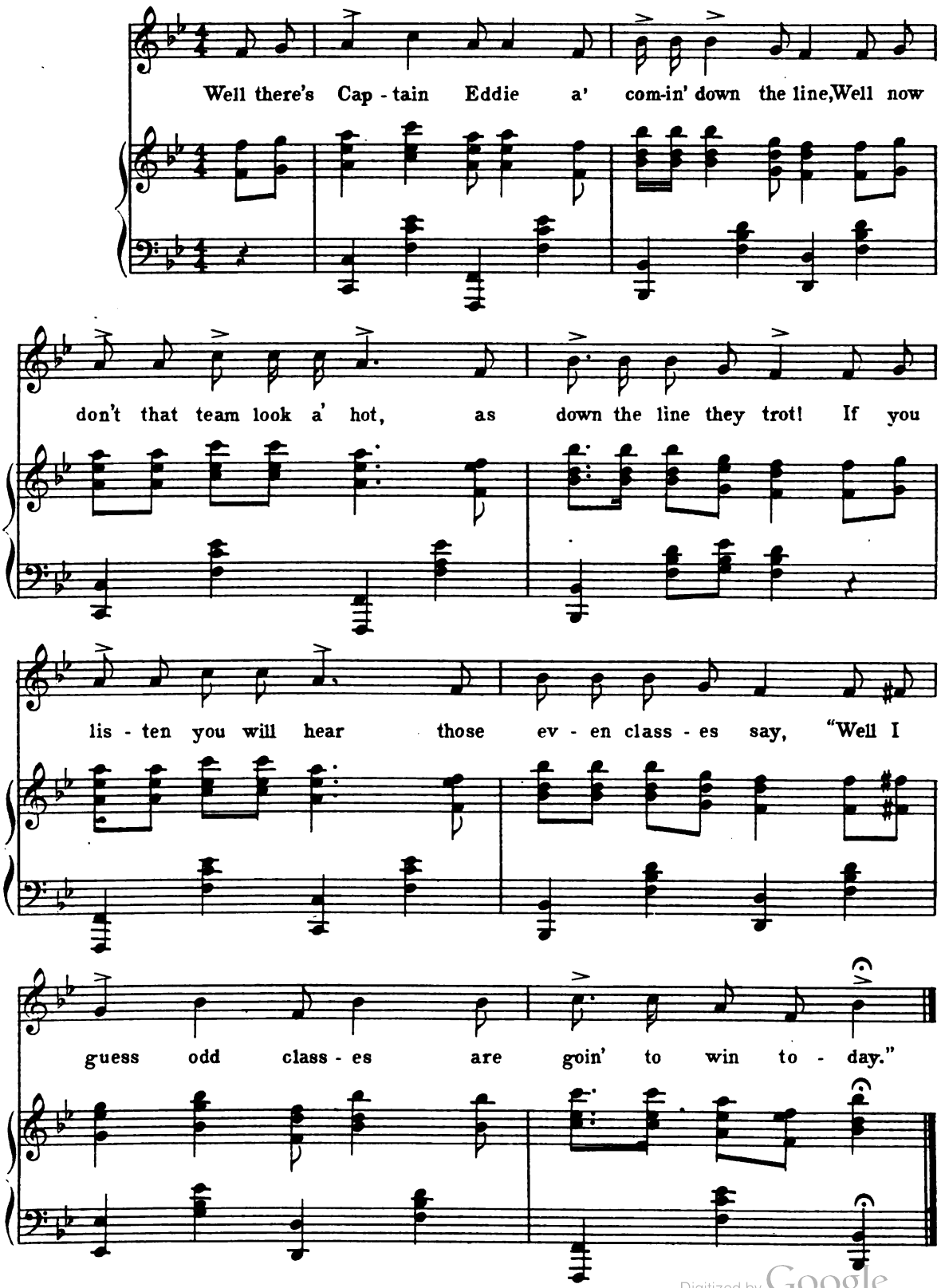
1909 Serenade

From WILLIAMS COLLEGE, '07



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1910 Song

D.K.E. MARCHING SONG

Oh — — — we sing to you, You are so

good and true, we'll all be loy'l to you, We praise your class and

praise you too, So, we sing to Nine - teen Ten and you.

1910 Serenade

HELEN NEWELL,'10

What's the matter with Nine teen Ten? — She's all right.

Who's all right? — Nine - teen Ten —

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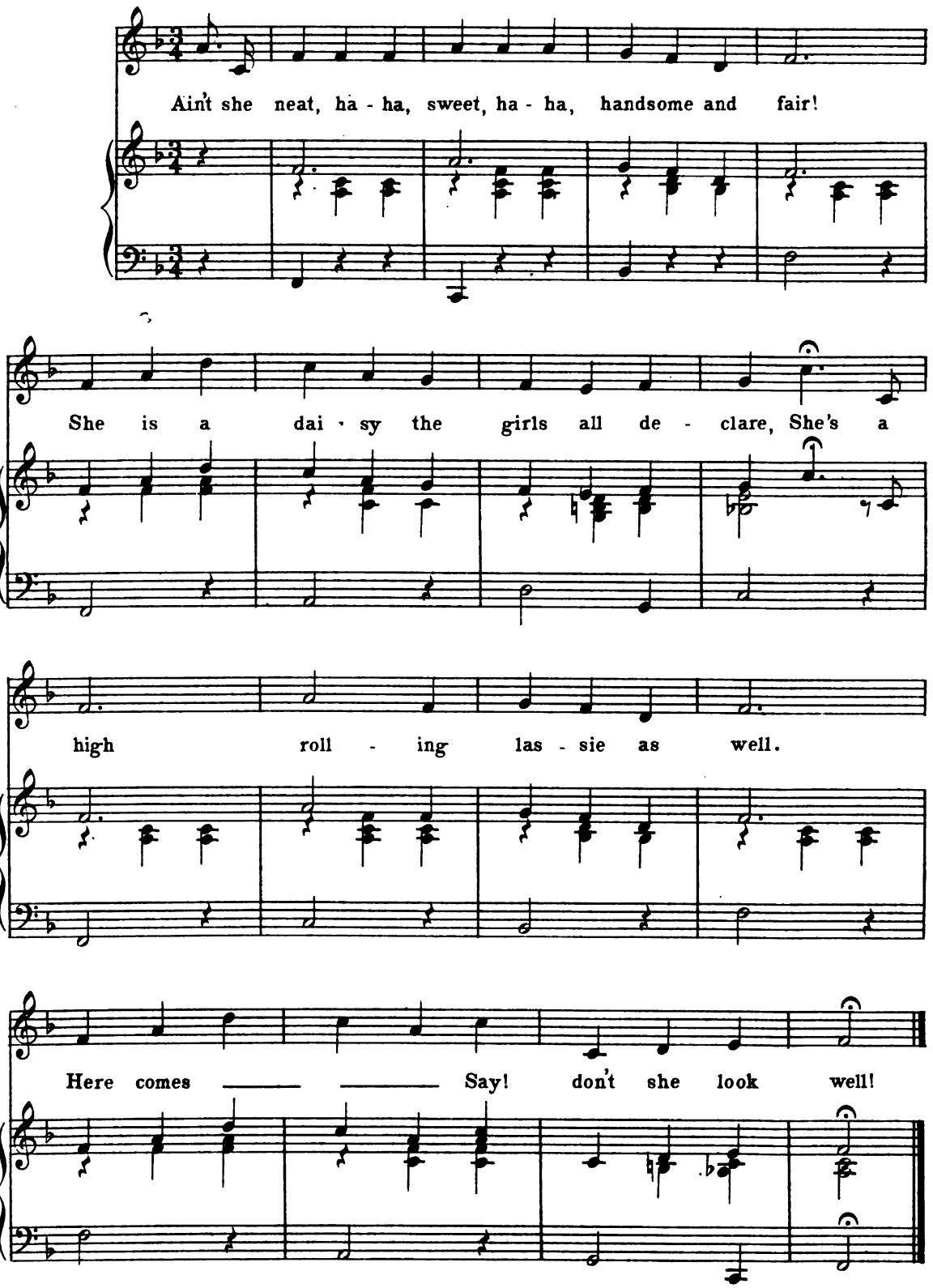
Serenade



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On, 1910

WHOOP IT UP FOR YALE
YALE SONG

On, Nine - teen Ten, The ev - en

class - es are out for glo - - ry,

Fight, Nine - teen Ten, The

ju - ju is limp and go - - ry, The cry is

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on, - vic - to - ry We'll raise the

ban - ner of red tri - um - - phant,

Smash! Bang! we'll beat those soph' - mores

Whoop it up for "Ten" to - day.

1

2

day.

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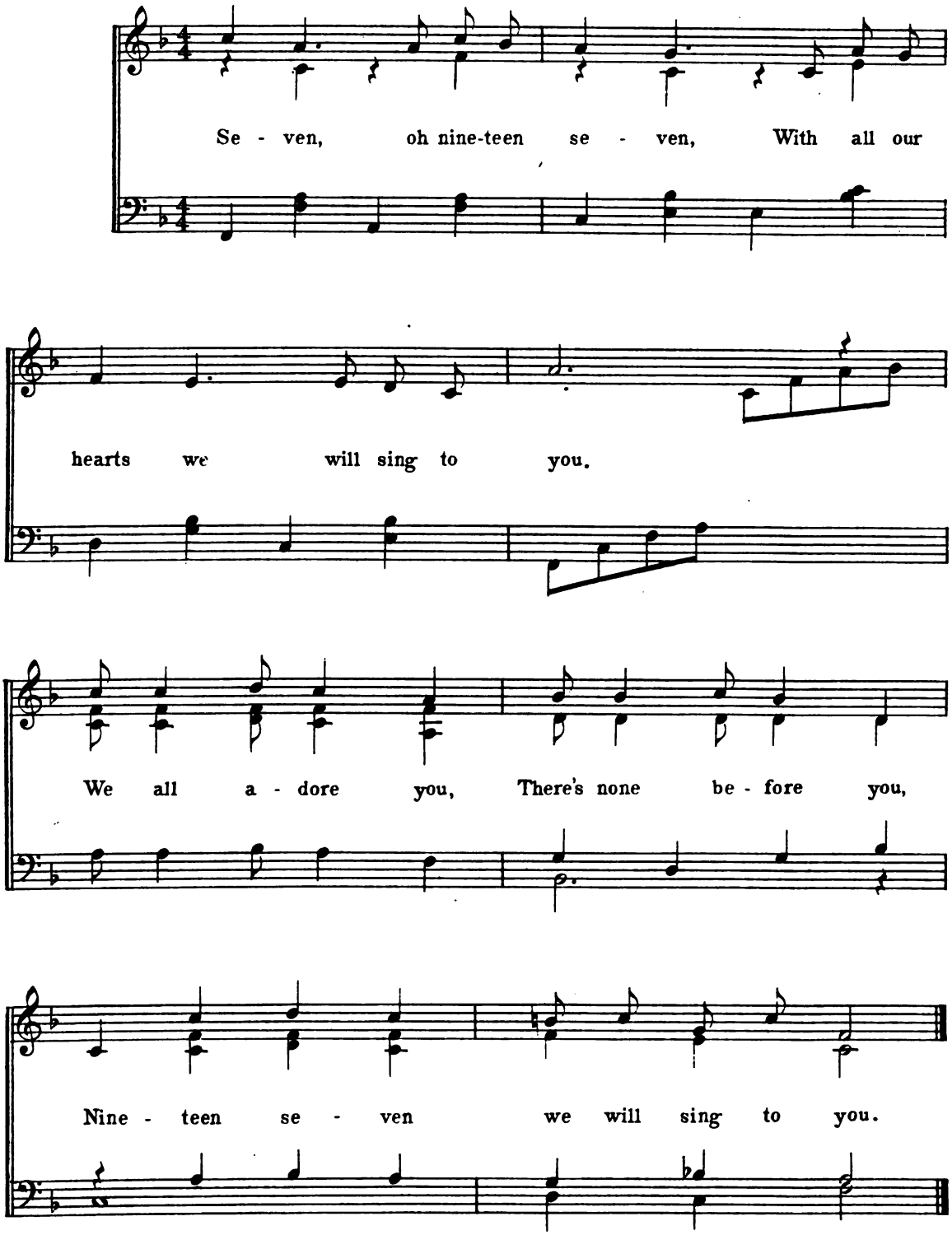
Odd Class Serenade



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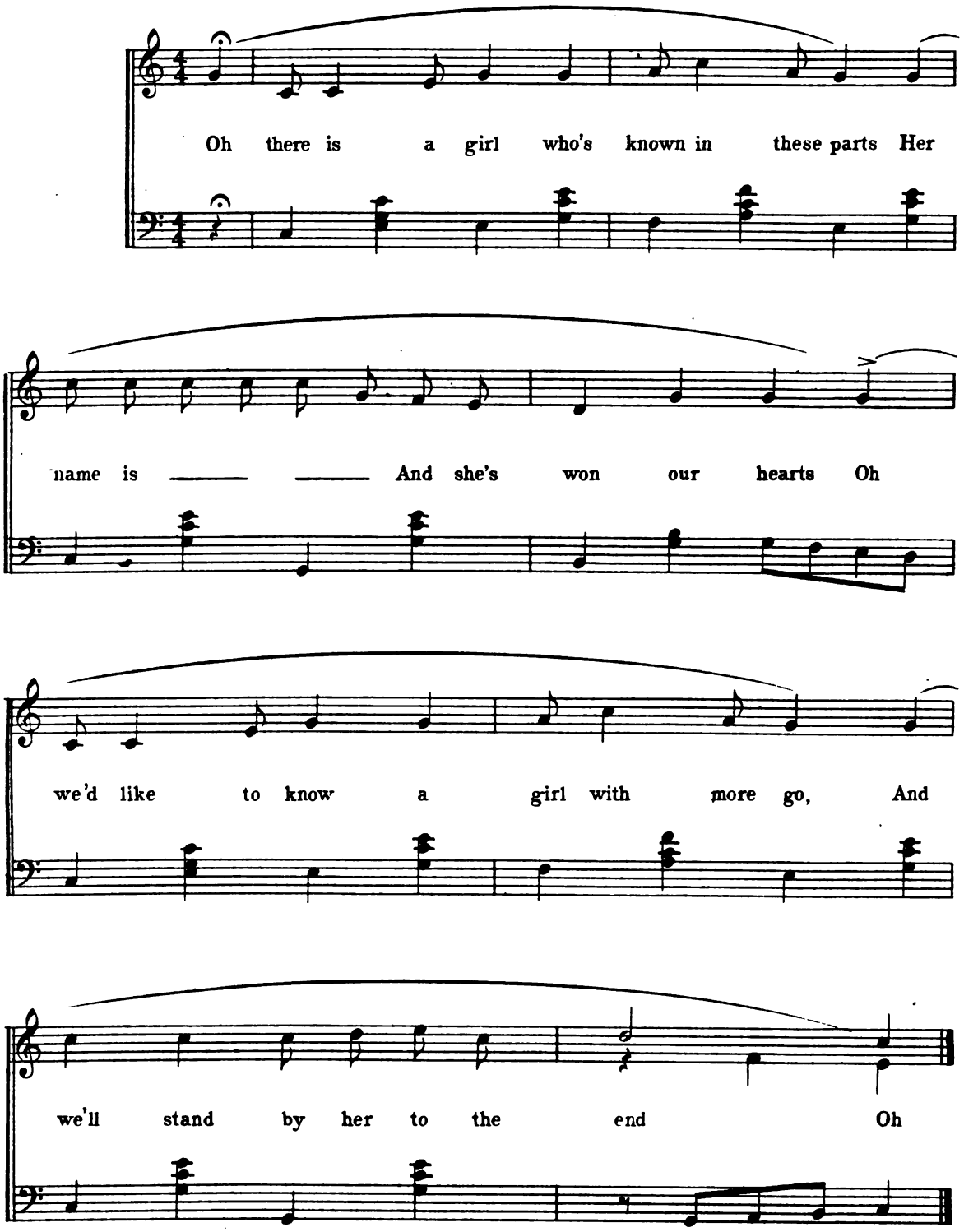
Even Class Serenade



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Just One College

Of all the col-leg-es in the land There's just one college for us, — We place ourselves at her command, There's just one col-lege for us. ——

Chorus

Just one college, —— And that's the college we sing to,

Just one college, There's just one college for us. ——

2 Oh! Bryn Mawr has a name that goes,
There's just one college for us,
But hasn't she an awful pose?
Just one college for us.

3 Oh! Wellesley never has a whim,
There's just one college for us,
But all the girls are far too prim,
Just one college for us.

4 Oh! Vassar is a noble sight,
There's just one college for us,
But men, men, men, are her delight,
Just one college for us.

5 Neighbor Holyoke's over the way,
There's just one college for us,
But she may never dance or play
Just one college for us.

Sung slowly

6 Then, Alma Mater, here's to you,
You're just the college for us,
You are a good one thro' and thro',
Just the college for us.

Cho. Just *the* college
You're just the college we sing to,
Just *the* college
You're just *the* college for us.

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~~JAN 9 1938~~

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